John Wm Ray Crawford

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THE POEMS OF ALEXANDER POPE

IN THREE VOLUMES

Vand. pinx. H. Robinson sc.

A. Pope.

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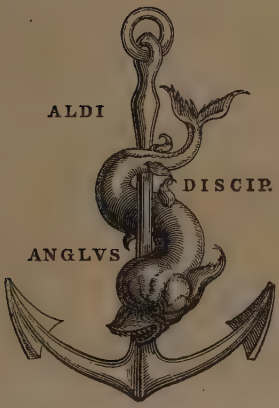
THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE

VOLUME I



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MEMOIR OF POPE.[1]

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

"L'Art quelquefois frivole, et quelquefois divin,
L'Art des vers est dans Pope utile au genre humain."
VOLTAIRE.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in Lombard Street, London, on the 21st, or, according to some authorities, on the 22d of May, 1688. His father, who having been placed in youth with a merchant at Lisbon, had become a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, was an eminent linen-draper: the paternal grandfather of the poet was a clergyman of the Church of England, settled in Hampshire. His mother, who had been formerly married to a Mr. Rackett, was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York.[2]

An only child of very delicate and sickly frame,

[1] In this Memoir, I have attempted little more than to throw together, within certain limits, all the most important particulars which are to be found concerning Pope in the writings of Ayre, Ruffhead, Spence, Johnson, Warton, Bowles, Roscoe, and others. To the Life of our author by Mr. Roscoe I am particularly indebted.

[2] In the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, Pope says that his

Pope naturally was the object of his parents' fondest affection and most anxious care; for which, in after life, his filial attentions made an ample return. During his early years he was remarkable for the engaging mildness of his temper; and, on account of the melody of his voice, he used to be called by his family *the little nightingale*. When about three years old, he narrowly escaped being killed by a cow, that was driven past the place where he happened to be at play. "He was then filling a little cart with stones. The cow struck at him; carried off his hat and feather with her horns, and flung him down on the heap of stones he had been playing

parents were of good family, an assertion which has been controverted by some of his biographers:

"Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprung."

To these lines he appended the following note. "Mr. Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay. His mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York. She had three brothers: one of whom was killed; another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest, following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained, after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family."

"As to my father," Pope tells Lord Harvey, "I could assure you, my Lord, that he was no mechanic, neither a hatter, nor, which might please your lordship yet better, a cobbler, but, in truth, of a very tolerable family; and my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that lady whom your lordship made choice of to be the mother of your own children."—*Letter to a Noble Lord.*

with. In the fall he cut himself against one of them, in his neck, near the throat."[1]

From an aunt he received his first lessons in reading, and very soon became an ardent lover of books; by copying the printed characters of which, he taught himself to write.

At the age of eight, he was placed under the care of the family priest, named Banister,[2] who, according to a custom in the schools of the Jesuits, instructed him in the rudiments of Greek and Latin together. "If it had not been for that," said Pope to Spence, "I should never have got any language: for I never learned any thing at the little schools I was at afterwards, and never should have followed any thing that I could not follow with pleasure."[3] After some time, he was removed to a celebrated Catholic seminary at Twyford, on the banks of the Itchin, near Winchester; and, while there, the perusal of Ogilby's Homer and of Sandys's Ovid filled him with delight. His stay at Twyford was, however, but short. Having had the boldness to write a lampoon on his master, the con-

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 267: see too page 5 of the same work, where it is said the animal "trampled over him."

[2] With Mr. Roscoe, I give the name of Pope's first master from Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, pp. 192, 259, 283: it is, however, right to state (which Mr. Roscoe has not done) that Spence in his first mention of him says, "*I think* his name was Banister." By Ruffhead and others he is called Taverner.

[3] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 283.

sequence of which was corporal chastisement, the youthful satirist was sent to another school, kept by a Mr. Deane, first at Mary-le-bone, and afterwards at Hyde Park Corner. He had now an occasional opportunity of attending the theatres;[1] and so much was he fascinated by the performances of the stage, that he composed a drama founded on certain events in the Iliad, made up of speeches from Ogilby's translation, strung together with verses of his own. It was played by the upper boys of the school, with the assistance of the master's gardiner, who acted Ajax: their costume was taken from the prints in Ogilby.

So great had been his father's success in trade, that, having acquired the sum of nearly twenty thousand pounds,[2] he had retired from business, first to Kensington, and next to Binfield in Windsor Forest. At the latter place he had purchased about twenty acres of land, and a small house with a row of elms[3] before the windows. His fortune, however, gradually suffered a very considerable diminution; for he was subjected to

[1] Ruffhead says: "While he was at school near Hyde Park Corner, *the attention paid to his conduct was so remiss*, that he was suffered to frequent the playhouse in company with the greater boys."—*Life of Pope*, p. 13.

[2] So Pope's biographers state; but perhaps Martha Blount's account of the old gentleman's circumstances is nearer the truth: "He was a merchant that dealt in Hollands; and left off business when King William came in: he was then worth ten thousand pounds, but did not leave so much to his son."—Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 357.

[3] Some of them were yet standing in 1806: see Bowles's *Life of Pope*, p. xx.

the restrictions imposed on Roman Catholics; and, deeming it a point of conscience not to lend his money to the new government, he lived upon the principal. Our poet, soon after he had reached his twelfth year, was taken to reside with his parents at Binfield. There he was put under the tuition of another priest; but, at the end of a few months, he formed the resolution of educating himself. He accordingly pursued his own plan of study with the most unremitting perseverance. "My next period," he tells Spence, "was in Windsor Forest, where I sat down with an earnest desire of reading; and applied as constantly as I possibly could to it for some years. I was between twelve and thirteen when I first went thither, and continued in this close pursuit of pleasure and languages till nineteen or twenty. Considering how very little I had when I came from school, I think I may be said to have taught myself Latin, as well as French or Greek; and in all three my chief way of getting them was by translation."[1] Again, "I went through all the best critics; almost all the English, French, and Latin poets, of any name: the minor poets, Homer, and some of the greater Greek poets in the original; and Tasso and Ariosto in translations."[2]

Among the English poets, Spenser, Waller, and Dryden, were his favourites. None of them, however, excited so much of his admiration as the last mentioned writer, whose genius was akin

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 270. [2] *Ibid.* 279.

to his own. The works of that great man he therefore studied with minute attention, and learned from them the niceties of versification. When about twelve years of age, he procured a friend to carry him to town, and introduce him at Will's Coffee-house, which Dryden then frequented, that he might have the satisfaction of beholding the author whom he had proposed to himself as a model.[1]

So young was Pope when he commenced writing verses, that he informs us,

> "I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

Unlike the Roman bard, from whom the line is imitated, he had not to lament the misfortune of having an anti-poetical father. On the contrary, the elder Pope encouraged him in his favourite pursuit, and frequently suggested themes for the exercise of his talents. "He was pretty difficult in being pleased," said Mrs. Pope, "and used often to send him back to new turn them. 'These are not good rhymes;' for that was my husband's word for verses."[2]

Though Dodsley had seen several poems of a prior date, the *Ode to Solitude*, written before he was twelve years of age,[3] is the earliest of

[1] "Mr. Harte informed me that Dryden gave Pope a shilling for translating, when a boy, the story of Pyramus and Thisbe."—Warton's *Life of Pope*, p. xiii.

[2] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 8.

[3] "Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short *Ode on Solitude*, which I found yesterday by great accident,

Pope's pieces which we possess. Lines *To the Author of a Poem entitled Successio*,[1]—i. e. Elkanah Settle, whose temporary reputation had disturbed Dryden's peace of mind,—was one of his next productions. About the same time he composed a comedy, the subject of which is not recorded, and a tragedy on a story in the legend of St. Genevieve.[2] He also wrote four books of an epic poem called *Alcander*, each consisting of about a thousand lines. "My epic," he told Spence, "was about two years in hand (from thirteen to fifteen). Alcander was a prince, driven from his throne by Deucalion, father of Minos, and some other princes. It was better planned than Blackmore's Prince Arthur; but as slavish an imitation of the ancients. Alcander showed all the virtue of suffering, like Ulysses; and of courage, like Æneas, or Achilles. Apollo, as the patron of Rhodes, was his great defender; and Cybele, as the patroness of Deucalion and Crete, his great enemy. She raises a storm

and which I find by the date was written when I was not twelve years old."—*Letter of Pope to Cromwell*, July 17th, 1709.

[1] These lines, rejected by Pope from the collection of his works, first appeared in *Miscellaneous Poems and Translations. By several Hands*, published by Lintot, of which, though I have never met with an earlier edition than that of 1712, there is said to have been an impression dated 1711. From this address to Settle, Pope transferred two similes, slightly altered, into the *Dunciad*: Warburton says it was written at the age of fourteen.

[2] According to Ruffhead, these two plays were composed between his thirteenth and fifteenth year.—*Life of Pope*, p. 23.

against him in the first book, as Juno does against Æneas; and he is cast away and swims ashore, just as Ulysses does to the island of Phœacia."[1] Again, "I wrote things, I'm ashamed to say how soon. Part of an epic poem when about twelve. The scene of it lay in Rhodes, and some of the neighbouring islands; and the poem opened under water with a description of the court of Neptune."[2] A few lines of this juvenile attempt have been preserved:

"Shields, helms, and swords, all jangle as they hang,
And sound formidinous with angry clang."

"Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow."[3]

"As man's meanders to the vital spring,
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring."[4]

Some of its verses he is said to have used as examples of "the art of sinking in poetry," in the treatise of Martinus Scriblerus on that subject. By Betterton,[5] the actor, with whom he was well

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 279.
[2] Ibid. p. 24.
[3] Inserted in the *Essay on Criticism*.
[4] Inserted in the *Dunciad*.
[5] "He appears to have regarded Betterton with kindness and esteem; and after his death published, under his name, a version into modern English of Chaucer's Prologues, and one of his Tales, which, as was related by Mr. Harte, were believed to have been the performance of Pope himself by Fenton, who made him a gay offer of five pounds, if he would show them in the hand of Betterton."

Johnson's *Life of Pope*.

acquainted, he was at one time solicited to turn his epic into a tragedy; but he had determined to write nothing for the stage, having observed how much dramatic authors were obliged to court both the players and the town.[1] The comedy and tragedy abovementioned, as well as *Alcander*, were committed to the flames: the last piece was destroyed by the advice of Atterbury;[2] not without a feeling of regret on the part of the author, who had preserved the manuscript for many years.

Among the productions of his early youth may be also noticed the translation of *The First Book of Statius his Thebais*, the rifacimenti of two of Chaucer's pieces, the version of Ovid's *Epistle from Sappho to Phaon*, *Imitations of English Poets*, a translation of "above one quarter of the Metamorphoses,"[3] &c. To the same period is to be attributed a version of Cicero's treatise *De Senectute*.[4]

When about fifteen he resolved to visit London, in order to acquire a greater knowledge of the French and Italian languages, which he had be-

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 197.

[2] Ibid. p. 198.

[3] Ibid. p. 278.

[4] A copy of this version was in the library of Lord Oxford. I suppose it was about the same time that he produced another prose piece, mentioned by him to Spence,—"a treatise in Latin, collected from the writers in Grævius, on the Old Buildings in Rome. It is now in Lord Oxford's hands, and has been so these fifteen years."

Anecdotes, ed. Singer, p. 204.

gun to study. His family, aware that the weakness of his constitution would not admit of his travelling on the continent, considered it as "a wildish sort of resolution," and "could not see any reason for it:"[1] but Pope was not to be diverted from his purpose.

His *Pastorals*, though not published till several years after, were composed at the age of sixteen, as well as a portion of his *Windsor Forest*.

By the unceasing assiduity with which Pope had carried on his literary pursuits, his health was now seriously injured; and after consulting several physicians without deriving benefit from their prescriptions, he made up his mind to strive no longer against his malady, but calmly to wait the approach of death. He accordingly wrote letters to some of his most intimate friends, bidding them a last farewell: one was addressed to the Abbé Southcote, in London. Immediately on receiving the melancholy epistle, the Abbé went to Dr. Ratcliffe; explained to him the case of the poet; and having got from him full directions, carried them down to Windsor Forest.[2] What the doctor chiefly ordered was, that Pope should relax in his application to study, and that

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 25.

[2] In Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 7, it is expressly said that the Abbé carried down the Doctor's directions "to Mr. Pope in Windsor Forest." According to Ruffhead, Pope was "then a hundred miles from London." *Life*, p. 508. Mr. Roscoe says, "he was then at a friend's house, a hundred miles from London."—*Life*, p. 26.

he should ride daily: he followed the advice, and was soon restored to health.

When the circumstances just related occurred, Pope was about seventeen; and upwards of twenty years after, he repaid the kindness of Southcote, by procuring for him, through the interference of Sir Robert Walpole, the nomination to an abbey in Avignon.

While resident in the Forest, Pope became acquainted with Sir William Trumbull, who had now retired from public life to his native place, Easthamstead, in the neighbourhood of Binfield.[1] He possessed a very cultivated mind; and from the similarity of their tastes, a friendship was speedily formed between the statesman of sixty and the youthful poet, which terminated only with Sir William's death. They were in the habit of reading, conversing on the classics, and riding out together.

By Sir William Trumbull our author was in-

[1] "Sir William Trumbull was born at Easthamstead in Berkshire. He was fellow of All Soul's College in Oxford, followed the study of the civil law, and was sent by King Charles the Second Judge Advocate to Tangier, thence Envoy to Florence, Turin, &c. and, in his way back, Envoy Extraordinary to France; from thence sent, by King James the Second, Ambassador to the Ottoman Port. Afterwards he was made Lord of the Treasury, then Secretary of State with the Duke of Shrewsbury, which office he resigned in 1697. He retired to Easthamstead in Windsor Forest, and died in the Place of his Nativity in December 1716, aged 77 years."
Ayre's *Life of Pope*, vol. i. p. 5.

troduced to Wycherley, who was then nearly seventy years of age. Pope was doubtless desirous to court the notice of a man whose comedies had justly raised him to such eminence: and they seem to have conceived a sincere esteem for each other, notwithstanding the disparity of their years. In one of his letters to Wycherley, April 30th, 1705, Pope pleasantly observes; "I know it is the general opinion, that friendship is best contracted betwixt persons of equal age; but I have so much interest to be of another mind, that you must pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine in opposition to that opinion. In the first place, it is observable that the love we bear to our friends is generally caused by our finding the same dispositions in them which we feel in ourselves. This is but self love at the bottom; whereas the affection betwixt people of different ages cannot well be so, the inclinations of such being commonly various. The friendship of two young men is often occasioned by love of pleasure or voluptuousness; each being desirous for his own sake, of one to assist or encourage him in the course he pursues; as that of two old men is frequently on the score of some profit, lucre, or design upon others. Now, as a young man, who is less acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability less of interest; and an old man, who may be weary of himself, has, or should have, less of self-love; so the friendship between them

is the more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much self-regard. One may add to this, that such a friendship is of greater use and advantage to both; for the old man will grow gay and agreeable to please the young one, and the young man more discreet and prudent by the help of the old one; so it may prove a cure of those epidemical diseases of age and youth, sourness and madness. I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the possibility of this: one alone abundantly satisfies me, and convinces to the heart; which is, that young as I am, and old as you are, I am your entirely affectionate, &c." Wycherley, intending to publish a new edition of his Fugitive Poems, entrusted the correction of them to Pope, who continued for several years with the most conscientious boldness to criticise and alter his rugged lines. The task was exceedingly troublesome; especially as Wycherley's memory, in consequence of a fever, had become so defective, that his verses contained numerous repetitions of the same ideas. The freedom of Pope's strictures and emendations appears to have mortified the old man's vanity;[1] and there was

[1] "Wycherley was really angry with me for correcting his verses so much. I was extremely plagued, up and down, for almost two years with them." Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 150. "There were several verses of mine inserted in Mr. Wycherley's Poems, here and there; and particularly in those on Solitude,—On a Life of Business,—and on a Middle Life."—Ibid. p. 198.

not wanting some ill-disposed person to "insinuate malicious untruths of him to Wycherley."[1] A coldness, at last, took place between them. "I hope," says Pope in a letter to Mr. Cromwell, Oct. 28th, 1710, "it will be no offence to give my most hearty service to Mr. Wycherley, though I perceive by his last to me, I am not to trouble him with my letters, since he there told me he was going instantly out of town, and till his return was my servant, etc. I guess by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all truth and honour, that is, assure him I have ever borne all the respect and kindness imaginable to him. I do not know to this hour what it is that has estranged him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more safely my friend, since no invitation of his shall ever more make me so free with him. I could not have thought any man so very cautious and suspicious, as not to credit his own experience of a friend. Indeed, to believe nobody, may be a maxim of safety, but not so much of honesty. There is but one way I know of conversing safely with all men; that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed, and I can truly boast this comfort in my affairs with Mr. Wycherley. But I pardon his jealousy, which is become his nature, and shall never be his enemy whatsoever he says of me." In this affair Pope appears

[1] Letter from Pope to Cromwell, Oct. 19th, 1709.

to have been entirely free from blame. He still paid occasional visits to Wycherley, went to see him on his death-bed in 1715, and ever spoke of him in terms of kindness and respect.

Another of those friends with whom Pope's talents brought him into connection, was Mr. Walsh, of Abberley in Worcestershire, the author of various verses which the good-nature of editors has admitted into collections of the British Poets. He was regarded by Dryden as the best critic in England; and he was certainly an elegant and accomplished scholar, possessing a considerable knowledge of the Italian poets, at a period when those delightful writers were neglected by his countrymen. In 1705, having received from Wycherley a copy of Pope's unpublished *Pastorals*, he was so struck by their beauty, that he thought it was "not flattery at all to say, that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age," and requested Wycherley to make him acquainted with our poet. Ere long, Pope had to reckon Walsh among the kindest of his friends, and spent part of the summer of 1705 at his seat in Worcestershire. "He used to encourage me much," said Pope to Spence, "and used to tell me, that there was one way left of excelling; for though we had several great poets, we never had any one great poet that was correct; and desired me to make that my study and aim."[1] Walsh died in 1708;

[1] *Spence's Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 280.

and was soon after made immortal by the following lines, in the *Essay on Criticism:*

"Such late was Walsh, the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame, or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert,
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade, receive,
This praise, at least, a grateful Muse may give;
The Muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
Her guide now lost, no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries."

Pope's intimacy with Edward Blount of Maple Durham, near Reading, and with his two sisters, Martha and Teresa Blount, commenced about 1707. For all the members of this family, which was of the Roman Catholic persuasion, Pope had a sincere esteem: but Martha Blount became the especial object of his affectionate regard, and continued till the close of his life to be the dearest of his friends. In various passages of harmless gallantry, scattered through the letters of Pope to Martha, Mr. Bowles has discovered indications of his having entertained for her a criminal passion; forgetting that in those days a much greater license in conversation and in epistolary correspondence was permitted between the sexes, than in our more decorous age. From passages, too, of the lady's letters to the

poet, the same editor has taken occasion to throw out insinuations,[1] which every unprejudiced mind must reject with scorn.

From the seclusion of Binfield, Pope sometimes repaired to London, chiefly, we may suppose, for the sake of enjoying the society of literary men; and was a frequenter of Will's Coffee-house (in Russell Street, Covent Garden), the haunt of the most fashionable wits and writers of the day. It was probably on one of these occasions, that he became acquainted with Mr. Henry Cromwell, a somewhat coxcomical personage, who seems to have divided his time between elegant literature and the pleasures of the town. Their acquaintance ripened into friendship: the series of their published letters, however, reaches only from 1708 to 1711. Some displeasure conceived by the eccentric Cromwell, at the freedom with which Pope rallied him on his turn for trifling and pedantic criticism, appears

[1] Mr. Bowles saw something very improper in the following note from

"*Mrs. Martha Blount to Pope.*

Sunday Morning.

"Sir,

"My sister and I shall be at home all day. If any company come that you do not like, I'll go up into any room with you. I hope we shall see you.

"Yours, &c."

to have abruptly put an end to their intercourse ;[1] but from the correspondence which they had together many years afterwards, in consequence of the publication of Pope's letters, by means of Mrs. Thomas, it is manifest that no quarrel had taken place between them.

The exact period at which the *Essay on Criticism* was composed cannot be determined. According to Ruffhead, it was produced "before Pope had attained his twentieth year."[2] The two following notices concerning it in Spence's *Anecdotes*, are at variance with each other. "My *Essay on Criticism* was written in 1709; and published in 1711; which is as little time as ever I let any thing of mine lay by me."[3] "I was with him [Walsh] at his seat in Worcestershire for a good part of the summer of 1705, and showed him my *Essay on Criticism* in 1706."[4] That he wrote it with rapidity, the matter having been all digested in prose, before he began to put it into verse, we learn from the same valuable volume:[5] and Malone, in a note on his edition of Spence, conjectures that Pope, in 1706, only showed to Walsh the *Essay* in its prose state.

Though Pope had not yet appeared before the

[1] See a letter from Pope to Gay, Nov. 13th, 1712; and Warburton's note on it.

[2] *Life of Pope*, p. 66.

[3] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 170.

[4] Ibid. p. 194.

[5] Ibid. p. 142.

world as an author, his *Pastorals*, having been handed about in manuscript, had made him known to Lord Halifax, Lord Somers, George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, Garth, Congreve, Mainwaring, and other celebrated characters. By them he had been earnestly recommended to print the pieces in question: and Tonson, the bookseller, having seen one of them in the hands of Walsh and Congreve, had expressed his desire to become the publisher of poems which the best judges had so highly praised. Accordingly, the *Pastorals* were printed in 1709, at the end of the sixth volume of Tonson's *Miscellanies*, which opened with the *Pastorals* of Ambrose Phillips. To the same volume Pope also contributed *January and May*, from Chaucer, and *The Episode of Sarpedon* from Homer. Writing to him, May 17, 1709, Wycherley says, "I must thank you for a book of your Miscellanies, which Tonson sent me, I suppose, by your order; and all I can tell you of it is, that nothing has lately been better received by the public than your part of it. You have only displeased the critics by pleasing them too well; having not left them a word to say for themselves against you and your performances; so that now your hand is in, you must persevere till my prophecies of you be fulfilled. In earnest, all the best judges of good sense or poetry are admirers of yours, and like your part of the book so well, that the

rest is liked the worse." The exquisitely melodious versification of Pope's *Pastorals* fascinated at once the public ear; nor need we wonder that, in those days when descriptive poetry was at its lowest ebb, they were supposed to exhibit pictures of nature.

In 1711, the *Essay on Criticism* was given anonymously to the world. It is said that the sale of this admirable poem was at first slow; that about a month after its appearance, Pope went into his publisher's shop, and having tied up twenty copies, addressed them to the best judges of poetry in town, among others to Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Buckingham; and that in consequence of this manœuvre, the *Essay* soon acquired the popularity which it deserved.[1]

Its publication raised up to Pope a bitter enemy in John Dennis, whose plays and poems gained

[1] This anecdote was told to Warton (*Life of Pope*, p. xviii.) by Lewis, the bookseller, who published the first edition of the poem; and D'Israeli (*Quarrels of Authors*, vol. i. p. 145,) heard it from a descendant of Lewis.

"This information," observes Mr. Roscoe, "cannot, however, be received without some degree of hesitation. In a letter from Pope to his friend Mr. Craggs (July 19, 1711), speaking of a second edition, he says: 'This I think the book will not so soon arrive at, for *Tonson's* printer told me he drew off a thousand copies in his first impression:' from which it would appear that the Essay was originally printed for Tonson, and that the impression in the same year by Lewis was a subsequent publication."—*Life of Pope*, p. 64.

The word "*Tonson's*," in the preceding quotation from Pope's

some contemporary applause, and the ferocity of whose criticisms is still proverbial. The following lines in the *Essay* were certainly intended to paint this formidable person:

> "But Appius[1] reddens at each word you speak,
> And stares, tremendous, with a threatening eye,
> Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry:"

and it is asserted[2] that Dennis, finding the work on Lintot's counter, read a page or two with many frowns, till arriving at the couplet,

> "Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd,
> Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last."

he dashed it down with great fury, and exclaimed, "He means me, by God!" Dennis now vowed vengeance on Pope; and forthwith attacked him in a pamphlet, entitled *Reflections, Critical and Satirical, upon a late Rapsody, called an Essay upon Criticism*, wherein, amid a quantity of extravagance and most outrageous abuse, were one or two just observations, of which, in a subsequent edition of the *Essay*, our poet availed himself.

letter, must have been a slip of his pen. The small quarto of the *Essay on Criticism*, printed for Lewis in 1711, was certainly the first edition. An octavo of the poem, printed also for Lewis in 1713, with the words "Second Edition" on the title page, is now before me.

[1] Dennis wrote a tragedy called *Appius and Virginia*.

[2] Mr. Roscoe refers to Ayre's *Life of Pope* for this story, seemingly not aware that it is told by our author himself in the *Narrative of the Frenzy of J. D.*

In the *Spectator* (No. 258), Addison called the attention of his readers to the *Essay on Criticism*, terming it "a masterpiece in its kind;" and, much to the gratification of Pope, the poem was translated into French verse by the celebrated Count Hamilton, author of *Memoires de Grammont*.

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[2] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 194.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 195.

rest is liked the worse." The exquisitely melodious versification of Pope's *Pastorals* fascinated at once the public ear; nor need we wonder that, in those days when descriptive poetry was at its lowest ebb, they were supposed to exhibit pictures of nature.

In 1711, the *Essay on Criticism* was given anonymously to the world. It is said that the sale of this admirable poem was at first slow; that about a month after its appearance, Pope went into his publisher's shop, and having tied up twenty copies, addressed them to the best judges of poetry in town, among others to Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Buckingham; and that in consequence of this manœuvre, the *Essay* soon acquired the popularity which it deserved.[1]

Its publication raised up to Pope a bitter enemy in John Dennis, whose plays and poems gained

[1] This anecdote was told to Warton (*Life of Pope*, p. xviii.) by Lewis, the bookseller, who published the first edition of the poem; and D'Israeli (*Quarrels of Authors*, vol. i. p. 145,) heard it from a descendant of Lewis.

"This information," observes Mr. Roscoe, "cannot, however, be received without some degree of hesitation. In a letter from Pope to his friend Mr. Craggs (July 19, 1711), speaking of a second edition, he says: 'This I think the book will not so soon arrive at, for *Tonson's* printer told me he drew off a thousand copies in his first impression:' from which it would appear that the Essay was originally printed for Tonson, and that the impression in the same year by Lewis was a subsequent publication."—*Life of Pope*, p. 64.

The word "*Tonson's*," in the preceding quotation from Pope's

some contemporary applause, and the ferocity of whose criticisms is still proverbial. The following lines in the *Essay* were certainly intended to paint this formidable person:

> "But Appius[1] reddens at each word you speak,
> And stares, tremendous, with a threatening eye,
> Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry:"

and it is asserted[2] that Dennis, finding the work on Lintot's counter, read a page or two with many frowns, till arriving at the couplet,

> "Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd,
> Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last."

he dashed it down with great fury, and exclaimed, "He means me, by God!" Dennis now vowed vengeance on Pope; and forthwith attacked him in a pamphlet, entitled *Reflections, Critical and Satirical, upon a late Rapsody, called an Essay upon Criticism*, wherein, amid a quantity of extravagance and most outrageous abuse, were one or two just observations, of which, in a subsequent edition of the *Essay*, our poet availed himself.

letter, must have been a slip of his pen. The small quarto of the *Essay on Criticism*, printed for Lewis in 1711, was certainly the first edition. An octavo of the poem, printed also for Lewis in 1713, with the words "Second Edition" on the title page, is now before me.

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Jacobite, who had assisted in writing the *Examiners;* and, under an affected care for the government, would have hid, even from himself, the true grounds of his disgust. But his jealousy soon broke out, and discovered itself, first to Mr. Pope, and not long after, to all the world. *The Rape of the Lock* had been written in a very hasty manner, and printed in a collection of miscellanies. The success it met with encouraged the author to revise and enlarge it, and give it a more important air; which was done by advancing it into a mock epic poem. In order to this it was to have its machinery; which, by the happiest invention, he took from the Rosicrucian system. Full of this noble conception, he communicated his scheme to Mr. Addison; who, he imagined, would have been equally delighted with the improvement. On the contrary, he had the mortification to see his friend receive it coldly; and even to advise him against any alteration; for that the poem, in its original state, was a delicious little thing, and, as he expressed it, *merum sal.* Mr. Pope was shocked for his friend; and then first began to open his eyes to his character."[1] But surely the advice given by Addison concerning *The Rape of the Lock* is no proof of his jealousy and insincerity. He might justly suppose that the alteration of a piece already so excellent would injure its effect; nor could he foresee

[1] Note by Warburton on the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, v. 193.

that Pope was to interweave the new matter with the old in a manner so marvellously felicitous. It has not unfrequently happened that a poem has been spoiled by being re-written: of this (not to cite earlier examples) Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination* affords a memorable instance; and it may be doubted if the repeated variations made by Thomson in his *Seasons* were always for the better. Mr. Roscoe has well observed; "that Pope discovered in this opinion the envy and malignity of Addison, is wholly inconsistent with the kindness and interchange of good offices that for some time afterwards continued to subsist between them."[1]

When *The Rape of the Lock* appeared in 1714, amplified with the machinery of the Sylphs, Dennis again dipped his pen in gall, and wrote *Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in several Letters to a Friend.* These letters, though dated 1714, were not given to the press till 1728; and Dennis, in his preface, thus states his reason for keeping them so long in manuscript. "At the same time that I ordered three of them [remarks on other pieces of Pope] to be published, I took care to keep back the ensuing Treatise purposely *in terrorem;* which had so good an effect, that he endeavoured for a time to counterfeit humility and a sincere repentance: and about that time I received a letter from him, which I

[1] *Life of Pope*, p. 77.

have still by me, in which he acknowledged his offences past, and expressed an hypocritical sorrow for them. But no sooner did he believe that time had caused these things to be forgot, than he relapsed into ten times the folly and the madness that ever he had shewn before. He not only attacked several persons of far greater merit than himself, but like a mad Indian that runs a muck, struck at every thing that came in his way," &c. Dennis concludes his remarks by declaring, that like Pope's other productions, *The Rape of the Lock* is below criticism.

So high did party feeling at this time run, that readers were apt to discover a political meaning in the most innocent productions of the press. To ridicule this popular propensity, Pope wrote *A Key to the Lock, or a Treatise proving beyond all contradiction the dangerous tendency of a late Poem, intitled the Rape of the Lock, to Religion and Government. By Esdras Barnivelt, Apoth.* 1715. He shews that *Belinda* means Great Britain; the *Baron*, who cuts off the Lock, or barrier treaty, the Earl of Oxford; *Clarissa*, Lady Masham; *Thalestris*, the Duchess of Marlborough; and *Sir Plume*, Prince Eugene.

The Messiah, that splendid imitation of Virgil's *Pollio*, *The Dying Christian to his Soul*,[1] and *The Temple of Fame*, were first printed in

[1] Mr. Roscoe (*Life of Pope*, p. 84.) observes that "for some parts of this poem Pope undoubtedly stands indebted to his predecessor, *Crashaw*"—a slip of the pen for *Flatman*.

1712. The last piece (the idea of which was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*) was written in 1710.

About 1712 we may date the production of the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, whose story is still involved in a cloud of mystery, which the efforts of Pope's biographers have been unable to dispel. Her sad tale, as related by Ruffhead, does not altogether accord with the statements in the poem. He informs us that "she was supposed to have entertained a partiality for a young gentleman of inferior degree, which occasioned her to refuse a match which her guardian proposed to her:"[1] but the poem certainly leads us to conclude that her lover was of a rank superior to her own. "The uncle," he continues, "finding her affections so rooted that she had not power to withdraw them, forced her abroad:"[2] but we do not gather this from the poem; and from the following passage in a letter of Pope (n. d.) supposed to be addressed to this lady, it appears that her departure from her country was voluntary. "But, if you are resolved, in revenge, to rob the world of so much example as you may afford it, I believe your design will be vain; for even in a monastery, your devotions cannot carry you so far towards the next world as to make this lose the sight of you; but you will be like a star, that while it is

[1] *Life of Pope*, p. 134. [2] *Id. Ibid.*

fixed in heaven, shines over all the earth. Wheresoever Providence shall dispose of the most valuable thing I know, I shall ever follow you with my sincerest wishes; and my best thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me nor them. Your own guardian angels cannot be more constant, nor more silent. I beg you will never cease to think me your friend, that you may not be guilty of that, which you never yet knew to commit, an injustice." A short correspondence concerning her which passed between our author and Craggs in May, 1712, also makes it manifest that her retirement to the Continent was of her own accord. On her story Pope maintained great reserve: in 1717, Mr. Caryll asks him in two different letters who "the Unfortunate Lady" was? but no answer to the question is to be found in their correspondence. "After many and wide inquiries," says Warton, in a note on the poem, "I have been informed that her name was Wainsbury;[1] and that (which is a singular circumstance) she was as ill-shaped and deformed as our author. Her death was not by a sword, but what would less bear to be told poetically, *she hanged herself*." In the *Elegy*, however, she is spoken of as remarkable for beauty. Mr. Bowles—after observing that Pope hints in one place that she was the

[1] She is called "Mrs. W—" in Pope's Correspondence.

same lady on whom the Duke of Buckingham wrote his song [he means copy of verses] entitled, *To a Lady retiring to a convent*, which proves that she was nobly allied; and that as the Duke was far from exemplary in his moral character, it is probable that an intimacy might have existed between them,—proceeds thus: "The story which was told to Condorcet by Voltaire, and by Condorcet to a gentleman of high birth and character, from whom I received it, is this. That her attachment was not to Pope, or to any Englishman of inferior degree, but to a young French prince of the blood royal, Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Berry, whom, in early youth, she had met at the court of France. In 1710, if we give this date to the Elegy, the Duke of Berry must have been in his twenty-fourth year, being born in 1686. The verses certainly seem unintelligible, unless they allude to some connection, to which her highest hopes, though nobly connected herself, could not aspire. What other sense can be given to these words?

> "Why bade ye else, ye powers, her soul aspire
> Beyond the vulgar flight of low desire?
> Ambition first sprung from your bright abodes,
> The glorious fault of angels and of gods!"

She was herself of a noble family, or there can be no meaning in the line,

> "That once had honour, virtue, *titles*, fame."

Under the idea here suggested, a greater propriety is given to the verse, which otherwise appears so lame and common-place,

"'Tis all thou art, and all the *proud* shall be."[1]

Windsor Forest, and the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, were published in 1713. The greater part of the former poem was written in 1704; and it was now given to the world at the express desire of Lord Lansdowne, which the motto *non injussa cano* was intended to show.[2]

For Addison's *Cato* Pope furnished a most beautiful prologue, which shared with the tragedy the admiration of the public. The extraordinary success of *Cato* is well known: it was played for thirty-five successive nights in London, and was acted at Oxford and elsewhere in the provinces. Describing its first representation, in a letter to Sir William Trumbull, April 30, 1713, Pope says: "The numerous and violent claps of the whig party on the one side of the theatre, were echoed back by the tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern, to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case too of the Prologue writer, who was clapped into a staunch whig at almost every two lines." On the publication of a very acute but abusive

[1] Bowles's *Life of Pope*, p. xxxii.

[2] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 202.

pamphlet by Dennis, entitled, *Remarks upon Cato*, Pope, thinking that he should gratify Addison by attacking this savage critic, drew up a highly humorous piece, called *The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris of the Frenzy of J. D.* That Addison, however, was by no means pleased with Pope's interference, is shown by a letter which Steele, at Addison's request, addressed to Lintot, the publisher of *The Narrative:*

"August 4, 1713.

"MR. LINTOT,

"MR. ADDISON desired me to tell you, he wholly disapproves the manner of treating Mr. Dennis in a little pamphlet by way of Dr. Norris's account. When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings, he will do it in a way Mr. Dennis shall have no just reason to complain of; but when the papers above mentioned were offered to be communicated to him, he said he could not, either in honour or conscience, be privy to such a treatment, and was sorry to hear of it. I am, Sir, your very humble servant.

"RICHARD STEELE."

A passage, in the Preface to Dennis's *Remarks on the Rape of the Lock*, charges Pope with the basest double dealing in this business. "In the height of his professions of friendship for Mr. Addison, he [Pope] could not bear the success of

Cato, but prevails upon B. L. [Bernard Lintot] to engage me to write and publish Remarks upon that Tragedy: which after I had done, A-P-E, the better to conceal himself from Mr. Addison and his friends, writes and publishes a scandalous pamphlet, equally foolish and villanous, in which he pretends that I was in the hands of a quack who cures mad men. So weak is the capacity of this little gentleman, that he did not know that he had done an odious thing; an action detested even by those whom he fondly designed to oblige by it. For Mr. Addison was so far from approving of it, that he engaged Sir Richard Steele to write to me," &c.

A series of Essays on Pastoral Poetry, from the pen of Tickell, in which Ambrose Phillips was declared superior to all contemporary writers in that style of composition, appeared in the *Guardian* in April, 1713. This critical decision was exceedingly mortifying to Pope, whose *Pastorals*, as already mentioned, were first published in a volume of Tonson's *Miscellanies*, together with those of Phillips; and he contrived to render it null by a very ingenious expedient. He contributed to the *Guardian* a supplementary paper to the Essays of Tickell, in which, with infinite art and delicacy he institutes a comparison between the *Pastorals* of Phillips and his own, giving the preference to the former, for reasons which only place them in a ludicrous light. The drift of the paper was not at first perceived by the

wits at Button's,—not even by Steele, who had hesitated about printing it, lest Pope should be offended,—but when its real object became apparent, an irreparable breach took place between the indignant Phillips[1] and our author. Gay, for whom Pope had long felt the most sincere regard, lent his assistance to ruin the literary reputation of his friend's rival, by writing *Pastorals*,[2] which were intended to ridicule those of Phillips, and which, from their genuine humour, became deservedly popular.

Though he never attained any proficiency in painting, Pope was passionately fond of the art,[3] and used to practise it under the instructions of Jervas, with whom he was on very intimate terms. Writing to Addison in 1713, he says, "I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas." About this time he composed his poetical *Epistle* to that artist: it was not, however, printed till 1717.

We have already seen that in the volume of

[1] The story of Phillips's hanging up a rod at Button's, with a declaration that he meant to inflict corporal punishment on Pope, whenever he should meet him there, is understood to be a falsehood.

[2] The "very valuable piece, which," says Pope in the above-mentioned paper in the *Guardian*, "I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entitled a Pastoral Ballad," and which he there quotes, is one of Gay's *Pastorals*.

[3] His progress in it was retarded by the weakness of his eyes. Lord Mansfield possessed a portrait of Betterton, which was a copy from Kneller by Pope.

Tonson's *Miscellanies* where his *Pastorals* appeared, Pope had inserted *The Episode of Sarpedon* from Homer; and he now determined to give to the world an entire translation of the *Iliad*. It had, perhaps, occasionally occupied his thoughts for some years: the friend of his youth, Sir William Trumbull, had earnestly advised him to undertake it, and the more influential voices of Addison and Lord Lansdowne had recently urged him to the attempt. At this period, when our early writers were not justly appreciated, the Iliad of Chapman was but little known; the translations from Homer by Hobbes and Ogilby could only disgust the reader of taste; and no work, therefore, was more likely to be favourably received by the public than a version of the tale of Troy by the first of living poets. From the various productions which had raised him to such eminence, Pope had not derived any great emolument;[1] and pecuniary considerations were his inducement to abandon

[1] The following extract from a book of accounts which belonged to Bernard Lintot, shews the sums which that bookseller gave to Pope for several of his poems:

	£.	s.	d.
" 19 Feb. 1711-12. Statius, First Book, Vertumnus and Pomona	16	2	6
21st March, 1711-12. First Edition, Rape	7	0	0
9th April, 1712. To a Lady presenting Voiture. Upon Silence. To the Author of a Poem called *Successio*	3	16	0

original composition for the drudgery of translation.[1]

When his proposals for publishing the *Iliad* by subscription were circulated, though Pope's chief friendships and connections had been with the whigs, yet the tories were not less ready than their opponents to promote his views. On this occasion, it has been supposed, the foundation of his lasting intimacy with Swift was laid. Of

	£.	s.	d.
23rd Feb. 1712-13. Windsor Forest	32	5	0
23rd July, 1713. Ode on St. Cecilia's Day	15	0	0
20th Feb. 1713-14. Additions to the Rape	15	0	0
1 Feb. 1714-15. Temple of Fame.....	32	5	0
31st April, 1715. Key to the Lock	10	15	0
17 July, 1716. Essay on Criticism	15	0	0."

" I am not," says Mr. D'Israeli, " in all cases confident of the nature of these ' Copies purchased ;' those works which were originally published by Lintot, may be considered as purchased at the sums specified: some few might have been subsequent to their first edition. The guinea at that time passing for twenty one shillings and sixpence has occasioned the fractions."

D'Israeli's *Quarrels of Authors*, vol. i. p. 288.

[1] " I had once a design of giving a taste of all the most celebrated Greek poets, by translating one of their best short pieces at least from each of them. A hymn of Homer, another of Callimachus, an ode or two from Pindar, and so on: and I should have done so, had not I engaged in the translation of the Iliad. What led me into that, which was a work so much more laborious and less suited to my inclination, was purely the want of money. I had then none: not even to buy books."—Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 304.

that extraordinary man, who was now in the highest favour with ministers, we have the following notice in Bishop Kennet's Diary, November, 1713. "When I came to the antichamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as a master of requests . . . . . he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, 'for which he must have them all subscribe; for,' says he, 'the author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a thousand guineas for him.'" It was by Swift that Pope was introduced to the leading tories, particularly to Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke. About ten weeks before the death of Queen Anne, having tried in vain to reconcile the violent dissensions of these noblemen, Swift quitted London in disgust, and hid himself for a short time in the house of a clergyman in Berkshire: there, as soon as he had learned the place of his retreat, Pope paid a visit to the disappointed dean. On her majesty's decease, 1st of August, 1714, and the utter overthrow of the tories, Lord Bolingbroke fled to France, and Lord Oxford was committed to the tower. The friendship entertained for these statesmen by Swift, Pope, and Arbuthnot, was too firm and disinterested to be shaken by any reverse of fortune.

The task, for the performance of which Pope

had pledged himself to the public, at first weighed heavily on his mind: gradually, however, it grew less irksome, and at last became an amusement. "The Iliad," he tells Spence, "took me up six years; and during that time, and particularly the first part of it, I was often under great pain and apprehension. Though I conquered the thoughts of it in the day, they would frighten me in the night. I sometimes still even dream of being engaged in that translation; and got about half way through it; and being embarrassed, and under dread of never completing it."[1] "When I fell into the method of translating thirty or forty verses before I got up, and piddled with it the rest of the morning, it went on easy enough; and when I was thoroughly got into the way it, I did the rest with pleasure."[2] "I wrote most of the Iliad fast; a great deal of it on journeys, from the little pocket Homer on that shelf there; and often forty or fifty verses in a morning in bed."[3] "In translating both the Iliad and the Odyssey, my usual method was to take advantage of the first heat; and then to correct each book, first by the original text, then by other translations; and lastly to give it a reading for the versification only."[4] The enemies of Pope were not slow

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 283.

[2] Ibid. p. 218. [3] Ibid. p. 142.

[4] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 270. The MS. of Pope's *Iliad*, which belonged to Lord Bolingbroke, and after-

in desseminating reports injurious to the success of his subscription: some said that he was a whig, others that he was a tory; and some declared that his knowledge of Greek was insufficient for such an undertaking. With respect to the last charge, there can be no doubt that his scholarship was far from profound; but as he had at hand the Latin version, and the various French and English translations of the *Iliad*, to refer to in all difficulties, he scarcely could, nor did he, fall into any important error. The chief fault of his Homer is, the difference of its style from that of the original.

The life of the ancient bard was written for Pope by his friend Parnelle: many of the notes on the *Iliad* were from the pen of Broome, who, as well as Jortin (then a soph at Cambridge), and a third person whose name has not transpired, were employed by our poet to make extracts from Eustathius.

Connected with this translation, the following anecdote was communicated by Pope to Spence. "The famous Lord Halifax (though so much talked of) was rather a pretender to taste than really possessed of it. When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the Iliad, that Lord 'desired to have the pleasure of hearing

wards to Mallet, was bequeathed by the latter to the British Museum, where it may now be seen. It is written chiefly on the backs and covers of letters.

them read at his house.' Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were there at the reading. In four or five places, Lord Halifax stopped me very civilly; and with a speech each time, much of the same kind: 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope, but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me; be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little more at your leisure; I am sure you can give it a better turn.' I returned from Lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and as we were going along, was saying to the Doctor, that my Lord had laid me under a good deal of difficulty, by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages almost ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his Lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself in looking those places over and over when I got home. 'All you need do,' said he, 'is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages; and then read them to him as altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event.' I followed his advice; waited on Lord Halifax some time after; said, I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; read them to him exactly as they were at first;

his Lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, 'Ay, now, Mr. Pope, they are perfectly right! nothing can be better.'"[1]

I subjoin the observations of Mr. Roscoe on this strange story, more especially because they vindicate the conduct of Pope and Halifax towards each other from the misrepresentations of Doctor Johnson. "Although this anecdote is related by Spence as derived from Pope himself, some circumstances occur which may reasonably induce us to entertain doubts of its authenticity. That Pope himself read his work to Lord Halifax, is indeed scarcely probable; because we find by a letter from him to Addison, dated Oct. 10, 1714, that his Lordship had then the first and second books of the Translation in his hands; where they had certainly been placed by Pope for the purpose of obtaining his remarks upon them, in a more deliberate form than he could expect to receive them on a cursory reading. If, however, Pope was guilty of the *supercherie* imputed to him, it was as inconsistent with the respect he always professed for Lord Halifax, as with the candour and sincerity on which he so highly prided himself.

"If, indeed, we implicitly rely on the account given by Dr. Johnson, of the conduct of this nobleman and Pope towards each other, it was not such as to confer any great honour on either: but before we assent to charges which cannot but

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 134.

leave a stain on the memory of both, it is requisite, at least, that we should examine into them. Dr. Johnson relates that 'Halifax, thinking this a lucky opportunity of securing immortality, made some advances of favour, and some overtures of advantage to Pope, which he seems to have received with sullen coldness.' 'All our knowledge of this transaction,' says he, 'is derived from a single letter, (Dec. 1, 1714,) in which Pope says, 'I am obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours; but if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will be a better reason.'[1] 'These voluntary offers,' says Johnson,

[1] "This offer, and Pope's answer are also adverted to in Spence's Anecdotes, much to the same effect; except that Pope adds: 'There was something said too, of the love of being quite free, and without any thing that might look even like a bias laid on me. So the thing dropped; and I had my liberty without a coach.' Spence's *Anec.* p. 306."

‘ and this faint acceptance, ended without effect. The patron was not accustomed to such frigid gratitude; and the poet fed his own pride with the dignity of independence. They probably were suspicious of each other. Pope would not dedicate, till he saw at what rate his praise was valued. He would be troublesome out of gratitude, not expectation. Halifax thought himself entitled to confidence, and would give nothing, unless he knew what he should receive. Their commerce had its beginning in hope of praise on one side, and of money on the other; and ended, because Pope was less eager of money than Halifax of praise. It is not likely that Halifax had any personal benevolence to Pope; it is evident that Pope looked on Halifax with scorn and hatred.’[1]

“ These harsh and supercilious remarks on this transaction, and the supposed traffic between fame and money, seem scarcely justifiable from what appears upon the subject. That Lord Halifax intended to render Pope some essential service, and that he would have done so if he had lived, is highly probable; nor, although the affair was dropped for the present, is there any proof that the manly and independent letter of Pope gave offence to Halifax, or that Pope in return looked upon Halifax with scorn and hatred. Lord Halifax died in May, 1715, but the attach-

[1] “ Johnson’s Life of Pope.”

ment of Pope survived that event. In the verses on leaving London, in that year, he says:

> The love of arts lies cold and dead
> In Halifax's urn:
> And not a muse of all he fed
> Has yet the grace to mourn,—

and when he soon afterwards published the Iliad, he thus acknowledged in the preface his obligations: 'The Earl of Halifax *was one of the first to favour me;* of whom it is hard to say, whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his *generosity* or his example.' But the most unequivocal tribute paid by Pope to the memory of Lord Halifax, appears in the Epilogue to the Satires, written above twenty years after the death of that nobleman; in which he not only enumerates him amongst his most honoured friends, but as the object of his particular respect and affection:

> But does the court one worthy man remove,
> That moment I declare he has my love:
> I shun their zenith, court their mild decline;
> Thus Somers once and Halifax were mine.

How is it possible to reconcile this gratuitous effusion of disinterested regard with Johnson's assertion that Pope looked on Halifax with scorn and hatred? Much less can we suppose that the character of Bufo, in the Prologue to the Satires, was intended for Halifax, or that Pope would, in one of his pieces, have ridiculed the character

and memory of a person whom he has so highly celebrated in another."[1]

Some symptoms of mutual distrust and jealousy had of late been shown by Addison and Pope; but the mediation of friends prevented for the present a rupture between them. Pope writes thus to Addison, October 10, 1714: "As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the author of Cato can speak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you: it is, that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer, which are in the hands of my Lord Halifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: it is, therefore, some evidence of the trust I repose in your good will, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice: and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones." Of a remarkable interview which they had soon after the above was written, Pope gives the following account to Spence. "There had been a coldness between Mr. Addison and me for some time, and we had not been in company together, for a good while, any where but at Button's Coffee-house, where I used to see him almost every day. On his meeting me there, one day in

[1] Roscoe's *Life of Pope*, p. 135.

particular, he took me aside, and said he should be glad to dine with me at such a tavern, if I would stay till those people (Budgell and Phillips) were gone. We went accordingly, and after dinner, Mr. Addison said, 'that he had wanted for some time to talk with me: that his friend Tickell had formerly, whilst at Oxford, translated the first book of the Iliad. That he now designed to print it; and had desired him to look it over: he must, therefore, beg that I would not desire him to look over my first book, because, if he did, it would have the air of double dealing.' I assured him 'that I did not at all take it ill of Mr. Tickell, that he was going to publish his translation; that he certainly had as much right to translate any author as myself; and that publishing both was entering on a fair stage.' I then added, 'that I would not desire him to look over my first book of the Iliad, because he had looked over Mr. Tickell's; but could wish to have the benefit of his observations on my second, which I had then finished, and which Mr. Tickell had not touched upon.' Accordingly, I sent him the second book the next morning; and in a few days he returned it with very high commendation."[1] Addison and Pope still continued to live on friendly terms; and in 1715, when the former had prepared for publication his *Dialogue on Medals*, our poet addressed to him a very beautiful

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 146.

and complimentary *Epistle* in verse, to be prefixed to that work.

When the first volume of the *Iliad* was ready for press, the booksellers eagerly contended for the possession of the copyright. Lintot, having made the most advantageous offers to Pope, became the purchaser.[1] The volume was delivered to subscribers in June, 1715; but, owing to the unsettled state of public affairs, some delay occurred in sending out the rest of the impression.

Just at this period, Tickell's version of the first book of the Iliad was put forth by Tonson; and the comparative merits of the rival translators became of course the theme of conversation in

[1] The Iliad was printed in six volumes quarto, at the price of six guineas. Pope obtained five hundred and seventy-five subscribers, but as some of them put down their names for more than one copy, six hundred and fifty-four copies were delivered to subscribers. These Lintot agreed to supply at his own expense, and to pay to the author two hundred pounds for each volume; so that Pope cleared by the work five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds four shillings. Of the quartos, it had been stipulated that none should be printed except for subscribers: but Lintot struck off two hundred and fifty copies on royal folio, for two guineas a volume; and a much greater number on a small folio, and paper somewhat thinner.

Soon after the death of Queen Anne, Pope made a journey on horseback to Oxford, in order to consult "a number of books" for his notes on Homer: in a letter to Lord Burlington, August 1714, he gives a most exquisitely humorous account of his being overtaken by Lintot, as he was riding thither, and of the conversation between them.

every literary circle. The friends of Pope, and the public in general, gave a decided preference to his performance; but Addison, and the little coterie to which he laid down the laws of taste, proclaimed the superiority of Tickell's. In a letter to Pope, July 8, 1715, Gay says: "I have just set down Sir Samuel Garth at the Opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleased with your translation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addison said the other translation was the best that ever was in any language. He treated me with extreme civility, and out of kindness gave me a squeeze by the forefinger. I am informed that at Button's your character is made very free with as to morals, &c.; and Mr. Addison says, that your translation and Tickell's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer." On the 15th of the same month, Pope writes thus to Mr. Craggs, the common friend of Addison and himself. "I (like the tories) have the town in general, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is usual with the smaller party to make up in industry what they want in number: and that is the case with the little senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well considered, I must appear a brave whig, and Mr. T. a rank tory: I translated Homer for the public in general, he to gratify the inordinate desires of one man only. We have, it seems, a great Turk[1] in poetry, who

[1] This thought Pope afterwards versified in his famous character of Addison.

can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a set of nodders, winkers, and whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new translator of Homer is the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first minister; let him receive the honours he gives him, but receive them with fear and trembling: let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute lord, I appeal to the people as my rightful judges and masters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the small court faction at Button's. But after all I have said of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged; and I, for my part, treat with him as we do with the Grand Monarch; who has too many great qualities not to be respected, though we know he watches any occasion to oppress us."

Pope was fully convinced that the translation, published as Tickell's, was the work of Addison. He tells Spence: "Soon after it was generally known that Mr. Tickell was publishing the first book of the Iliad, I met Dr. Young in the street, and upon our falling into that subject, the Doctor expressed a great deal of surprise at Tickell's having such a translation by him so long. He said that it was inconceivable to him; and that there must be some mistake in the matter; that he and Tickell were so intimately acquainted at

Oxford, that each used to communicate to the other whatever verses they wrote, even to the least things; that Tickell could not have been busied in so long a work there, without his knowing something of the matter; and that he had never heard a single word of it, till on this occasion. This surprise of Dr. Young, together with what Steele has said against Tickell in relation to this affair, make it highly probable that there was some underhand dealing in that business: and indeed Tickell himself, who is a very fair, worthy, man, has since, in a manner, as good as owned it to me."[1] No positive evidence, however, has been brought forward to show that Addison was the translator of the piece in question; and without the most decided proof, one is unwilling to give credit to a fact which would throw a stain on the character of so great and so good a man. That it was published under his special patronage is unquestionable.

From this time he and Pope lived on terms of cold civility, till a meeting was brought about between them, which ended in a manner that rendered reconciliation hopeless. The only account of this unfortunate interview has been preserved by Ayre: it must have taken place about 1716. "Some years after, and at the Desire of Sir Richard Steele, they met; at first a very cold Civility, and nothing else appear'd on either Side, for Mr. Addison had a natural Reserve and

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed Singer, p. 147.

Gloom at the Beginning of an Evening, but Wine and Conversation at last generally open'd his Mouth. Sir Richard Steele begg'd him to perform his Promise in making up the Breach with Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope desir'd the same, as well as to be made sensible how he had offended; said the Translation of Homer, if that was the great crime, was at the Request and almost Command of Sir Richard Steele, and intreated Mr. Addison to speak candidly and friendly, though it might be with ever so much Severity, rather than by keeping up any Forms of Complaisance to conceal any of his Faults. This Mr. Pope spoke in such a Manner as plainly shew'd he thought Mr. Addison the Aggressor, and expected him to condescend and own himself the Cause of the Breach between them. But he was deceiv'd, for Mr. Addison, without appearing to be in Anger, though quite overcome with it, begun a formal Speech, said, that he always had wish'd him well, and often had endeavour'd to be his Friend, and as such advis'd him, if his Nature was capable of it, to divest himself of Part of his Vanity which was too great for his Merit, said that he had not arriv'd yet to that Pitch of Excellence he might imagine, or think his most partial Readers imagined, said when he and Sir Richard Steele corrected his Verses, they had a different Air; he reminded Mr. Pope of the Amendments of a Line in the Poem call'd Messiah, by Sir Richard Steele,

He wipes the Tears for ever from our eyes,

Which is taken from the prophet Isaiah, 'The Lord God will wipe away Tears from off all Faces.' Sir Richard express'd it in this verse,

From every Face he wipes off every Tear;

and it stands so alter'd in the newer Editions of Mr. Pope's Works. He proceeded to lay before him all the Mistakes and Inaccuracies hinted at by the Crowd of Scribblers and Writers, some good, some bad, who had attack'd Mr. Pope, and added many Things which he himself objected to: speaking of Mr. Pope's Homer, he said to be sure he was not to blame to get so large a Sum of Money, but it was an ill executed thing and not equal to Tickell's, who had all the Spirit of Homer. (This afterwards appears to be wrote by Mr. Addison himself, tho' Tickell's Name was made use of). Mr. Addison concluded still in a low hollow Voice of feign'd Temper, that he was not solicitous about his own Fame as a Poet, but of Truth, that he had quitted the Muses to enter into the Business of the Public, and all that he spoke was through Friendship and a Desire that Mr. Pope, as he would do if he was much humbler, might look better to the World. Mr. Gay spoke a few Words in Answer before Mr. Pope, but his Expectations from the Court made him very cautious: it was not so with our Poet, he told Mr. Addison he appeal'd from his Judgment, did not esteem him able to correct him, and that he had long known him too well to expect any Friendship, upbraided him with being a Pensioner from

his Youth, sacrificing the very Learning that was purchased with the public Money to a mean Thirst of Power, that he was sent abroad to encourage Literature, and had always endeavour'd to cuff down new-fledg'd Merit: At last the Contest grew so warm, that they parted without any Ceremony, and Mr. Pope immediately wrote those Verses which are not thought by all to be a very false character of Mr. Addison."[1] We shall finish the account of this memorable quarrel[2] with the words of Pope to Spence: "Lord Warwick himself told me one day, 'that it was in vain for me to endeavour to be well with Mr. Addison; that his jealous temper would never admit of a settled friendship between us; and to convince me of what he had said, assured me that Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, [about Pope and his relations] and had given him ten guineas after they were published. The next day, while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell himself fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner. I

[1] Ayre's *Life of Pope*, vol. i. p. 100.

[2] Mr. Roscoe has shown that the reasoning of Sir William Blackstone on this subject (*Biog. Brit.* ed. Kippis), being chiefly founded on mistaken dates, is entitled to little consideration.

then subjoined the first sketch of what has been since called my satire on Addison. He used me very civilly ever after, and never did me any injustice, that I know of, from that time to his death, which was about three years after."[1]

The famous character of Addison, above alluded to, was printed in Pope's *Miscellanies*, and afterwards inserted in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, which now forms the *Prologue to the Satires:* it is as follows;

"Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
Whilst Wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?"

To unbend his mind from the toil of translation, Pope frequently paid a visit to the metropo-

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 148.

lis: and conviviality and sobriety being reckoned scarcely compatible with each other in those days, he was sometimes induced, by the society of Jervas, Parnelle, Garth, Rowe, and others, to commit excesses, which were at variance with the usual tenour of his life, and to which the feebleness of his constitution was but ill adapted. To this period may be referred a ridiculous adventure into which he was betrayed by the Earl of Warwick and Colley Cibber: it is narrated in a well known pamphlet[1] by the last mentioned personage; but Pope declared that it "was an absolute lie, as to the main point."[2] About this time he wrote the verses entitled *A Farewell to London.*

The circumstances of Pope were now greatly bettered by the subscriptions for Homer: and having persuaded his father to sell the property at Binfield, he bade adieu to the place where he had passed so many calm and studious hours, and removed with his parents to Twickenham in March, 1715. The villa there, on the banks of the Thames, of which he had purchased a lease, continued to be his residence during the rest of his life. In a letter to his friend Mr. Blount, dated 20th of that month, he says; "I write this from Windsor Forest, of which I am come to take my last look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hanged do their fel-

[1] *A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope*, 1742, p. 47.

[2] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 338.

low prisoners, who are condemned to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honest Mr. D. with tenderness; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miseries to come, from which he is just going to be removed himself. Perhaps, now I have learned so far as *nos dulcia linquimus arva*, my next lesson may be *nos patriam fugimus*. Let that and all else be as Heaven pleases! I have provided just enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I shall never be ashamed of each other. I know I wish my country well, and, if it undoes me, it shall not make me wish it otherwise." From this passage, written about the time of the Pretender's disastrous attempt, we may gather that Pope thought it not improbable that some severity of government towards Catholic subjects might oblige him to withdraw from England.

With Lady Mary Wortley Montagu Pope had been for some time acquainted before she went abroad in 1716; and during her sojourn in the east, of which she has left imperishable records, a correspondence was maintained between them. The beauty and wit of this celebrated woman had made a strong impression on the poet; and it certainly appears from his letters that his feelings towards her were more akin to love than friendship.

Soon after her departure, Pope wrote his *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard*, the greater part of which

was composed during a visit to Oxford. In a letter from thence to Martha Blount in the autumn of 1716, he says: "The Epistle of Eloisa grows warm, and begins to have some breathings of the heart in it, which may make posterity think I was in love. I can scarce find in my heart to leave out the conclusion I once intended for it." Whatever fair one might have been originally alluded to in the concluding lines of that poem, there can be no doubt (as we shall see) that in their printed form they were meant to have a relation to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. During this year the second volume of the *Iliad* came forth.

A collection of Pope's Miscellaneous Poems in folio and quarto, in which *Eloisa to Abelard* was for the first time printed, and the third volume of the *Iliad*, appeared in 1717. To Lady Mary he forwarded copies of both publications, accompanied by a letter in which he says; "Among the rest, you have all I am worth, that is, my works. There are few things in them but what you have already seen, except the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, in which you will find one passage that I cannot tell whether to wish you to understand or not." He was anxious to direct her attention to the conclusion of the poem:

> "And sure of fate some future bard shall join
> In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
> Condemn'd whole years in abence to deplore,
> And image charms he must behold no more;

Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them, who can feel them most."

During the same year, Gay produced his comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage*. That he was assisted in the composition of this piece by Pope and Arbuthnot,[1] there can be no doubt: the character of Sir Tremendous (designed for Dennis) was most probably by the former, that of Fossile (meant for Dr. Woodward) by the latter. Such a mixture of extravagance, obscenity, and personal satire, was justly condemned by the public.

The literary labours of our author were for a while suspended by the death of his father, who expired suddenly in the seventy-fifth year of his age. The event was thus communicated to the Miss Blounts:

"Nov. 1717.

"My poor father died last night. Believe, since I do not forget you this moment, I never shall.

A. Pope."

Between Pope and Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, there existed a sincere attachment. They

[1] "I must farther," says Gay in an advertisement, "own the assistance I have received in this piece from two of my friends; who, though they will not allow me the honour of having their names joined with mine, cannot deprive me of the pleasure of making this acknowledgment."

had now been acquainted with each other for several years; and the Bishop, who had formerly made an inefficient attempt to wean the poet from the errors of Romanism, again, in a letter addressed to him on his father's death, touched on the subject of his conforming to the church of England. Pope thus replies to the zealous prelate:

"Nov. 20, 1717.

"MY LORD,

"I AM truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true, I have lost a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie: I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature. *Genetrix est mihi;* and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

Nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one. At least, I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever:

Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For she, my Lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other, and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure; for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity. Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man, who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of *joining* with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so, to *renounce* the other.

"Your Lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, for I loved reading, and my father had no other books; there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King James the Second. I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was that I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case, and when they stop, they are not so properly converted as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same reli-

gion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day, and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

"As to the *temporal* side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But, if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less inclination (if possible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life, where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls ambition. I do not know why it is called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather *stooping* than *climbing*. I will tell you my political and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it must

be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the Papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are, not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic; and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England; which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future majesties. You see, my Lord, I end like a preacher: this is *Sermo ad clerum*, not *ad populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever yours, &c."

Placed in comparative affluence by the property which he inherited from his father, and by the money which his pen had acquired, Pope now devoted a portion of his time to the improvement of his villa. Sacrilegious hands have demolished the mansion which the poet built, and made violent alterations in the grounds which he laid out; but his grotto (celebrated in such lovely lines) is still an object of curiosity to those who visit Twickenham.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, having returned to England in 1718, took a house in the neigh-

bourhood of Pope, at his earnest solicitation. She also sat for her portrait to Sir Godfrey Kneller, at the request of our author, who, on the completion of the picture, expressed his satisfaction with it in extemporaneous couplets. Gradually, however, Lady Mary and Pope became alienated from each other; but the cause which made their intimacy decline has never been ascertained.[1] It has been conjectured, that thinking his admiration of her was growing too fervent, she avoided his society, and that he was mortified and angry at her indifference. To her sister, the Countess of Mar, then at Paris, she writes thus from Twickenham, 1720: "I see sometimes Mr. Congreve, and very seldom Mr. Pope; who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glasses, and *they tell me*, it has a very good effect. I here send you some verses addressed to Mr. Gay, who wrote him a congratulatory letter on the finishing his house. I stifled them here; and I beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go further than your closet." The

[1] "My father had a traditionary recollection in his mind, that the celebrated quarrel or coolness between her ladyship and Pope, originated there [at Twickenham] in the return of a borrowed pair of sheets unwashed; but which was the lender, and which the borrower, in this case, I do not remember."—*Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches*, &c. by Lætitia M. Hawkins, 1822, p. 75.

verses which accompanied the letter just quoted were these touching lines;

"Ah, Friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know;
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens;
Joy lives not here, to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in to the passing winds?
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
He, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away."

Between Pope and Lady Mary no open quarrel had as yet taken place.

Parnelle died in 1717, and during the following year, Pope was deprived of two other valued friends. Writing to Jervas, Dec. 21, 1718, he says: "Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the death of the last: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to whose memory I am erecting the best monument I can. What he gave me to publish, was but a small part of what he left behind him; but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it. I would fain know if he be buried at Chester or Dublin; and what care has been, or is to be, taken for his

monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writing this very day his epitaph for Westminster Abbey. After these, the best-natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded even his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth."

The fourth volume of the *Iliad* appeared in 1718, and the fifth and sixth volumes, which completed the work, were given to the world in 1720. This great labour, so successfully brought to a conclusion, moved the spleen of Dennis and of the Grub-street tribe, who assailed it in a variety of publications. These, together with many other criticisms on his works in general, proceeding from the same source, Pope afterwards collected and bound into volumes; prefixing to the mass of dulness and malignity a motto from Job; *Behold, my desire is that mine adversary had written a book. Surely I would take it on my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me.* The applauses of those whom he respected and loved were not withheld on the occasion. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, expressed his approbation of the English Iliad in a copy of

verses; and Gay composed *Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece* (imitated from the opening of the xlvith Book of the *Orlando Furioso*), an effusion of great spirit and simplicity, in which the different friends, male and female, of the poet, are represented as hailing his return to the shores of Britain, after an absence of six years. The last mentioned piece is remarkable for being in ottava rima, then very seldom used by the writers of this country: it had been a favourite measure of our bards in the reigns of Elizabeth and James; and has recently become familiar to every reader by the popularity of *Don Juan*.

From the infatuation respecting the famous south sea scheme, with which nearly all England was at this time seized, Pope was not free. On the bursting of the bubble, he writes to Atterbury, Sept. 23, 1720: "As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined they had (among whom is your humble servant), I would have them sensible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim; who, after half his estate was swallowed by the *directors* of those days, resolved, that *half* to be *more than the whole*."

In 1721, Pope published a selection from the writings of his deceased friend Parnelle, and inscribed it to the Earl of Oxford, in, perhaps, the finest dedicatory verses that ever flowed from a poet's pen.

He now turned his thoughts again to Homer,

and issued proposals for a translation of the *Odyssey*.[1] Gay writes thus to Swift, January 24, 1722; "He has engaged to translate the *Odyssey* in three years; I believe rather out of a prospect of gain, than inclination; for I am persuaded he bore his part in the loss of the South-sea." The work did not fill him with the apprehensions to which the *Iliad* had given rise, for he had two coadjutors in the present task of translation, Fenton and Broome.

Between the years 1722 and 1723, Pope entered into a correspondence with a lady whose name is not known, but whom, in some verses which he addressed to her, he terms Erinna. Twelve of his letters to her have been printed. It appears that she was a woman of talents; that she entrusted some of her poetry to his correction; and that she was in habits of friendship with Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk.

The change which came over the fortunes of Atterbury was a cause of bitter sorrow and vexation to Pope. In 1723, the Bishop was brought to trial before the House of Lords, accused of being concerned in a conspiracy for placing the Pretender on the throne. Pope, at the request of his friend, attended to give evidence. "When I was to appear," said he to

[1] The work was in five volumes quarto for five guineas. Of the eight hundred and nineteen copies which were printed, five hundred and seventy-four were subscribed for. Pope sold the copyright to Lintot for six hundred pounds.

Spence, "for the Bishop of Rochester on his trial, though I had but ten words to say, and that on a plain point, how that Bishop spent his time whilst I was with him at Bromley, I made two or three blunders in it, and that, notwithstanding, the first row of Lords, which was all I could see, were mostly of my acquaintance."[1] Atterbury, perhaps, was not guilty of all that was laid to his charge; but it is sufficiently clear that his hostility to the existing government was very determined. Deprived of his ecclesiastical dignities, and sentenced to perpetual exile, he retired to the Continent, where the remainder of his life was spent.

About the period of Atterbury's departure, Lord Bolingbroke returned to England, his pardon having passed the great seal; and the loss which Pope had sustained in the former, was in some degree compensated by the latter.

An edition of Shakespeare,[2] in six volumes quarto, on which our author had been for several years employed, was completed in 1725. That indispensable qualification for a commentator on

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 156.

[2] Pope is said to have received for his labours on Shakespeare only two hundred and seventeen pounds twelve shillings. For this edition, of which he printed seven hundred and fifty copies, Tonson had obtained a subscription of six guineas a set; but the subscription not being full, the price of the volumes, for the time, very high, and several circumstances tending to depreciate the work, he was a loser by the undertaking.

the great dramatist,—a knowledge of the play-wrights and pamphleteers of the Elizabethan age,—Pope did not possess. His Preface, however, is elegant and judicious; and by consulting occasionally the early copies within his reach, he exhibited, on the whole, the most correct text of Shakespeare which had yet been given. The dull and plodding Theobald, who seems to have been more deeply read in old English literature than any person of his time, triumphed over our author in *Shakespeare restored, or a specimen of the many errors, as well committed, as unamended, by Mr. Pope, in his late edition of this Poet*, 1726.[1] The most prominent station in the *Dunciad* was the punishment that awaited the superior accuracy of Theobald.

The three first volumes of the *Odyssey* made their appearance in 1725, and the fourth and fifth, which concluded the work, were published in the following year. The 1st, 4th, 19th, and 20th books of the poem were translated by Fenton; the 2nd, 6th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 18th, and 23rd by Broome;[2] the remaining twelve by Pope. The notes were compiled by Broome, but the Postscript was written by Pope. *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, appended to the

[1] Theobald's edition of Shakespeare was not published till 1733.

[2] Ruffhead says Pope gave Fenton six hundred pounds, and Broome three hundred for their labours; but according to Warton, Fenton received only three hundred, and Broome five hundred.

last volume, was translated by Parnelle. On its completion, Spence, of New College, Oxford, put forth his *Essay on Mr. Pope's Odyssey*, with which our author was so well pleased, that he invited him to spend some time at Twickenham. An intimacy was quickly formed between them; and it was through the interest of Pope, that Spence became prebendary of Durham and professor of modern history in Oxford. To the work entitled Spence's *Anecdotes*, every biographer of Pope must be deeply indebted.

In the spring of 1726, Swift came to England, and took up his residence with Pope at Twickenham, from which place he paid occasional visits to the Princess at Richmond Hill, and to Lord Bolingbroke at Dawley. Gay also made one of the party at our poet's villa. It was then that Swift gave the last corrections to *Gulliver's Travels*, and that Pope wrote *The Lamentation of Glumdalclitch for the loss of Grildrig*, *The Address of the Houyhnhms in England to Gulliver*, *Mary Gulliver to Captain Lemuel Gulliver*, and the Lilliputian Ode *To Quinbus Flestrin, the Man Mountain*. In this meeting too originated *The Beggar's Opera* of Gay, and the *Miscellanies* of Pope and Swift. After spending about two months with his friends, Swift was obliged to tear himself from their society, on account of the dangerous illness of Mrs. Johnson (Stella), whom, however, on his arrival at Dublin, he found convalescent. For the copyright of

Gulliver's Travels, Pope received from the bookseller a sum of three hundred pounds, of which Swift made him a present.

In 1726, the early friend of Pope, Edward Blount, died of the smallpox. During the same year, another person whom he greatly esteemed was cut off by a consumption, the Honourable Robert Digby; his sister Mary soon followed him to the grave; and Pope celebrated both in an epitaph on a monument erected to their memory by their father Lord Digby, in the church of Sherbourne, Dorsetshire.

In September of this year, as Pope was one night returning from Lord Bolingbroke's at Dawley, in his lordship's coach and four, he was overturned in a little river, about a mile from Twickenham. The glasses of the coach were then up, and the poet was asleep. On waking, he found the water reaching to "the knots of his periwig." He tried in vain to let down the glasses, and it was some time before the footman, who had stuck in the mud, could come to his assistance, and by breaking the window, rescue him from death. On this occasion he received a severe cut across the right hand, which deprived him of the use of two fingers. Voltaire, who was then in England, addressed to him the following letter on his escape:

"SIR,

"I HEAR this moment of your sad adventure. That water you fell in was not Hippocrene's

water, otherwise it would have respected you. Indeed, I am concerned beyond expression for the danger you have been in, and more for your wounds. Is it possible that those fingers which have written the Rape of the Lock, and the Criticism, which have dressed Homer so becomingly in an English coat, should have been so barbarously treated? Let the hand of Dennis, or of your poetasters be cut off; yours is sacred. I hope, Sir, you are now perfectly recovered. Really, your accident concerns me as much as all the disasters of a master ought to affect his scholar. I am sincerely, Sir, with the admiration which you deserve,

"Your most humble servant,

"VOLTAIRE."

"In my Lord Bolingbroke's House,
"Friday at Noon, Nov. 16, 1726."

About the end of April, 1727, Swift paid another visit to England, and fixed himself, as before, at Twickenham: how his hopes of advancement were blasted by the ascendency which Sir Robert Walpole still maintained in the cabinet after the death of George the First is well known. In June the *Miscellanies* of Pope and Swift appeared in two volumes, and were eagerly read by the public: a third and a fourth volume were afterwards added to them. "Having both of us," says the Preface, which was written by Pope, "been extremely ill treated by some booksellers (especially one Edmund Curll), it was our

opinion, that the best method we could take for justifying ourselves, would be to publish whatever loose papers, in prose and verse, we have formerly written; not only such as have already stolen into the world (very much to our regret, and perhaps very little to our credit), but such as, in any probability, hereafter may run the same fate; having been obtained from us by the importunity, and divulged by the indiscretion of friends, although restrained by promises, which few of them are ever known to observe, and often think they make us a compliment in breaking. But the consequences have been still worse; we have been entitled, and have had our names prefixed at length, to whole volumes of mean productions, equally offensive to good manners and good sense, which we never saw, nor heard of, till they appeared in print." To this collection Gay and Arbuthnot were contributors. The profit of the work is said to have been at least a hundred and fifty pounds, of which the generous Swift relinquished his share to Pope.

Attacks of deafness and giddiness, and intelligence from Dublin that Mrs. Johnson was again dangerously ill, having greatly depressed the spirits of Swift, he resolved to leave the hospitable mansion of Twickenham. He complains that Pope was "too sickly and complaisant," and that "so much company came, while he was so giddy and so deaf." He accordingly, on the last day of August, quitted the house of his friend, and removed to London. Pope followed him

thither, desirous to remain with him till his health should be somewhat improved; but that the Dean would not allow. About the beginning of October, without having taken farewell of Pope, except by a letter which he left in the hands of Gay, Swift set out for Ireland, the country which he so heartily disliked, and of which he was henceforth to be an inhabitant for life. Immediately after his abrupt departure, Pope wrote to him thus:

"October 2, 1727.

"It is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I cannot tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God, I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine, though at the same time, I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I cannot explain my meaning; perhaps you know it. But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live,

to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health, I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure: for the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I do not find it so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you; nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that before you went we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours: we are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe we shall have something better than even a friend there, but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu for this time. May you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled."

In the *Miscellanies* of Pope and Swift, was printed, for the first time, *Martinus Scriblerus* ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ, *or the Art of Sinking in Poetry*, of which the greater part, if not the whole, was composed by Pope. It was intended to form a

portion of that larger work, which the members of the Scriblerus Club, particularly Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Lord Oxford, had projected many years before. "Dr. Arbuthnot," says Warburton, "was skilled in every thing which related to science; Mr. Pope was a master in the fine arts; and Dr. Swift excelled in the knowledge of the world. Wit they had all in equal measure, and in a measure so large, that no age, perhaps, ever produced three men, to whom nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or in whom art had brought it to higher perfection." In this treatise on the Bathos, Pope took occasion to quote the writings of various living authors, who afforded happy specimens of the Art of Sinking, and some of whom had formerly attacked his literary and moral character. In the sixth chapter, "Of the several kinds of Geniuses in the Profound, and the marks and characters of each," he divides them into *Flying Fishes*, *Swallows*, *Ostriches*, *Parrots*, *Didappers*, *Porpoises*, *Frogs*, *Eels*, and *Tortoises*, and appends to each class the initial letters of the names of those writers whom it comprises. Notwithstanding his declaration,[1] that "except some few, those letters were set at random, to occasion, what they did occasion, the suspicion of bad and jealous writers," there is little doubt that the chief part of the initials had a reference to living authors.

[1] In a letter to Aaron Hill, January 26, 1730.

The rage of the scribblers, who either were, or conceived themselves to be, ridiculed in the Treatise on the Bathos, rose to the highest pitch, and many of them endeavoured to retaliate by pouring out the most virulent abuse on Pope in all sorts of publications.

He now resolved to take vengeance on the whole host of his enemies at a single blow. *The Dunciad*, it seems, had occupied his thoughts as early as 1725; and the provocation which he had recently received hastened its production. After Swift's return to Ireland, Pope writes to him thus, Oct. 22, 1727: "My poem (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curlls and Dennises of Ireland, and still more, for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers), my poem, I say, will show you what a distinguished age we live in. Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company." In a letter to Swift, supposed to have been written in 1728, Lord Bolingbroke says; "It [*The Dunciad*] will, indeed, be a noble work. The many will stare at it; the few will smile; and all his patrons, from Bickerstaff to Gulliver, will rejoice to see themselves adorned in that immortal piece." The precise time at which *The Dunciad* was first published has not been ascertained. Prior to the complete edition of 1729 in quarto, with notes, &c., it had been given to the press in

Dublin, and had been reprinted both there and at London. "These early editions it is true," observes Mr. Roscoe, "were afterwards denominated *surreptitious;* yet there is every reason to presume they were printed with the connivance and assent of the author, by the intervention and assistance of Swift; as it never was pretended, nor is it possible to suppose, that the work could have passed through any other channel. The *gentleman*, therefore, from whom Swift, in the year 1728, informs Pope [in a letter] he had received an Irish edition of the Dunciad, was probably no other than the printer, to whom he had himself intrusted it; and the complaints of spurious editions were doubtless nothing more than a pretext to give notoriety to the work. Had this not been the case, can we suppose that such a transaction would have been passed over without any inquiries as to the publishers, or even an expression of surprise on the subject? But the fact is rendered sufficiently apparent by referring to the second volume of the works of Pope, printed in folio, in 1735, in which is a passage, introductory to the notes on the Dunciad (which are there printed separate from the poem), that fully explains the subject. 'This poem was writ in 1727. In the next year an *imperfect* edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted in London in 12mo. Another at Dublin, and another at London in 8vo., and three others in 12mo. in the same year; but there was no *per-*

fect edition before that of London in 1728-9.'"[1] The quarto of *The Dunciad, Variorum, with the Prolegomena of Scriblerus*, &c. in three books, distinguished by the name of the first edition, bears date 1729. On the 12th of March in that year, it was presented to the king[2] and queen (who had before read it) by Sir Robert Walpole, at St. James's; and, a few days after, the whole impression was taken off by noblemen and persons of the first distinction. Three editions in octavo were also published in London in 1729; and before 1742, when a fourth book was added to the poem, various other editions had appeared.

In the dedication of an edition of *The Dunciad* to Lord Middlesex, which is signed with the name of Savage, but is supposed to have been written by Pope, we are told; "On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop; entreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay, cries of treason, were all employed to hinder the coming out of the Dunciad. On the other side, the booksellers and hawkers made as great an effort to procure it. What could a few poor authors do against so great a majority as the

[1] Roscoe's *Life of Pope*, p. 341.

[2] "As to the condition of your little club, it is not quite so desperate as you might imagine; for Mr. Pope is as high in favour, as I am afraid the rest are out of it. The king, upon the perusal of the last edition of his Dunciad, declared he was a very honest man."—*Letter from Arbuthnot to Swift, March* 19, 1728-9.

public? There was no stopping a torrent with a finger, so out it came." The effect produced by its publication on the persons whom it held up to contempt, may be easily conceived. By the inhabitants of the realms of Dulness, from King Theobald down to the meanest subject, a universal clamour was raised against the author. In the prefatory matter to the poem will be found a list of the angry effusions to which it gave birth. Among others, it called forth from Dennis, *Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in several Letters to a Friend* (which he had kept by him in manuscript for many years, and which have been already noticed[1]), as well as *Remarks on the Dunciad*, dedicated to Theobald. But Pope now regarded his attacks with indifference; and in 1733, when a play was performed for the benefit of Dennis, who was then blind and in great distress, he wrote a Prologue for the occasion, in which he compares him to Belisarius, and solicits the audience to assist a veteran critic,

> "who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
> Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns;
> A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
> Against the gothic sons of frozen verse."

On the appearance of *The Dunciad*, the enemies of Pope invented a story[2] of his having been

[1] See p. xxix.

[2] Mr. Roscoe mentions the invention of this story as prior to the publication of *The Dunciad*, but it must have been

seized by two persons in the dusk of the evening in Ham-walks, and whipped with rods; a particular account of which was circulated in print. It is difficult to determine whether the following advertisement, which appeared in the Daily Post, June 14, 1728, really proceeded from our poet, or was only an attempt of the fabricators of the story to render him still more ridiculous: "Whereas there has been a scandalous paper cried about the streets, under the title of *A Pop upon Pope*, insinuating that I was whipt in Ham-walks on Thursday last, this is to give notice that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham all that day, and the same is a malicious and ill-grounded report. A. P."

To enter into a detail of the misunderstandings between Pope and Aaron Hill, the author of sundry forgotten plays and poems, is here unnecessary. Several circumstances had occurred to interrupt their amity before the publication of *The Dunciad*; and when it appeared, the following lines in the second book, together with

fabricated after the appearance of that poem. In *A true and faithful Account of a late horrid and barbarous Whipping committed on the Body of Sawney Pope*, we are informed that the "two Gentlemen," before attacking Pope, "walked a turn or two with him, when entering into a conversation (as we hear, *on the Dunciad, a pretty poem of the said Poet's writing*) on a sudden," &c. This piece, which is not without considerable humour, is said to have been the production of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

the note on them, were generally understood to point at Hill:

> "Next * * tried; but hardly snatch'd from sight,
> Instant buoys up, and rises into light;
> He bears no token of the sabler streams,
> And mounts far off among the swans of Thames."

"*Note.* This is an instance of the tenderness of our author. The person here intended writ an angry preface against him, grounded on a mistake, which he afterwards honourably acknowledged in another printed preface. Since when he fell into a second mistake, and abused both him and his friend [Swift]. He is a writer of genius and spirit, though in his youth he was guilty of some pieces bordering upon bombast. Our poet here gives him a panegyric instead of a satire; being edified beyond measure at this only instance he ever met with in his life, of one who was much a poet confessing himself in an error; and has suppressed his name, as thinking him capable of a second repentance." In a correspondence which took place between Hill and Pope on the subject of these passages, the latter was obliged to have recourse to a rather inconsistent explanation. It, however, removed the dissatisfaction of Hill; and they seem ever after to have lived on very friendly terms.

In 1731, appeared an *Epistle on Taste*, addressed to Lord Burlington, and so favourable was its reception, that in the course of the same

year it ran through three editions: it now forms the fourth of the *Moral Essays*. Against certain passages of this piece the enemies of the poet excited a violent outcry, declaring that "Timon's Villa" was intended to represent Cannons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos, and that Pope had basely satirized a nobleman, who had treated him with hospitality, and had even presented him with five hundred pounds. Pope not only publicly denied the charge of having alluded to his Grace in the character of Timon, but also wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, who replied that "he took the application that had been made of it as a sign of the malice of the town against himself." There is reason to believe, however, that the Duke was not perfectly convinced of the poet's innocence. To the falsehood of his having received a sum of money Pope gave a decided contradiction.

Of the Use of Riches, an epistle addressed to Lord Bathurst, was published in 1732. Pope afterwards converted it into a Dialogue between himself and that nobleman, in which shape we now find it as the third of the *Moral Essays*.

The first Epistle of the *Essay on Man* (a work which Pope had revolved in his mind as far back as 1725) also made its appearance in 1732, without the writer's name, Lord Bolingbroke, to whom it was addressed, being termed, in the opening line, "my Lælius." The second Epistle followed in the same year. Pope, it is said, was induced

to put forth the poem anonymously, that he might obtain the impartial judgment of the wits and critics, who were not likely to show any mercy to an acknowledged production of the author of *The Dunciad:* when once they had spoken favourably of the *Essay*, they could not afterwards retract their approbation. He amused himself by endeavouring to elicit remarks on the piece from those friends who were ignorant that it proceeded from his pen; and by inciting those who were in the secret, to proclaim the excellence of the new poet, and to hint the danger in which Pope was placed by such a formidable rival. It was ascribed to various persons, and passed through several editions before the real author was known.

It has been asserted that the *Essay on Man* was in substance the work of Bolingbroke; that his Lordship supplied the materials in prose, and that Pope turned them into verse. The subject has been carefully examined by Mr. Roscoe, who, from a comparison of dates and contemporary documents has, I think, satisfactorily shewn,[1] 1. That the *Essay on Man* was begun, and a great part of it completed, several years *before* Lord Bolingbroke had commenced to write on the subject. 2. That Lord Bolingbroke continued to write his philosophical work long *after* Pope had published his Essay. 3. That his Lordship has himself explicitly stated, that the Poem of Pope was an *original*, and not imitated

[1] Roscoe's *Life of Pope*, p. 394, et seq.

from any other author. 4. That the occasional resemblances that are found between these works may, therefore, rather be considered as imitations of Pope by Lord Bolingbroke, than as imitations of his Lordship by Pope.

In 1732, Pope had to lament the death of the amiable Gay, one of the friends whom he most sincerely loved; and to increase his sorrow, he now beheld his aged mother sinking into the grave by a gradual decay. To Martha Blount he writes thus:

"Nov. 1732.

"YOUR letter dated at nine a clock on Tuesday (night, I suppose) has sunk me quite. Yesterday I hoped; and yesterday I sent you a line or two for our poor friend Gay, inclosed in a few words to you; about twelve or one o'clock you should have had it. I am troubled about that, though the present cause of our trouble be so much greater.[1] Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. . . . . Let us comfort one another, and, if possible, study to add as much more friendship to each other, as death has deprived us of in him: I promise you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deserve more and more of yours. I purposely avoid saying more. The subject is

[1] "Mr. Gay's death, which happened in Nov. 1732, at the Duke of Queensbury's house in London, aged 46. *Pope.*" —But in a letter to Swift, written this year on the 5th of December, Pope says, Gay "died last night."

beyond writing upon, beyond cure or ease by reason or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

"So will the death of my mother be! which now I tremble at, now resign to, now bring close to me, now set farther off: every day alters, turns me about, and confuses my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous distemper is again returned, her fever coming onward again, though less in pain; for which last however I thank God.

"I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be called a pleasure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have so long lived with, or of one I have so long lived for. I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort; the last we usually think of, though the only one we should in wisdom depend upon in such a disappointing place as this. I sit in her room, and she is always present before me, but when I sleep. I wonder I am so well; I have shed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things see you, and think it would comfort you to see me so equal tempered and so quiet. But pray dine here; you may, and she know nothing of it, for she dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing, lest it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr. Bethel[1] had time, I wish he were your companion hither. Be as much as you can

[1] A gentleman of good fortune in Yorkshire, a friend and correspondent of Pope.

with each other: be assured I love you both, and be farther assured, that friendship will increase as I live on."

The epitaph which our author soon after wrote on Gay, though rather severely criticised by Johnson, is assuredly not the best of his compositions in that style.

On the 7th of June, 1733, his mother expired in her ninety-fourth year. To Richardson, the painter, he wrote as follows, on the 10th of that month. "As I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met and brought you hither; and this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead. I thank God, her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired, that ever painting drew: and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you would come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I

could not have written this; I could not (at this time) have written at all. Adieu! May you die as happily!" From the portrait, taken in consequence of this request, a print has been engraved.

Mrs. Pope was buried at Twickenham in the same vault with her husband, and a monument with a Latin inscription was erected to their memory by the poet, whose filial affection had never for a moment waxed faint. And there yet remains, in a retired spot of his grounds, an obelisk supported by a pedestal, on the four sides of which is inscribed:

AH EDITHA!
MATRUM OPTVMA!
MVLIERVM AMANTISSIMA!
VALE!

During this year was published the third Epistle of the *Essay on Man; Of the Knowledge and Characters of men*, an epistle addressed to Lord Cobham, which now stands first of the *Moral Essays;* and *The First Satire of the Second Book of Horace, Imitated in a Dialogue between Alexander Pope of Twickenham in Com. Midd. Esq.; on the one part, and his Learned Counsel* [Mr. Fortescue] *on the other.* "When I had a fever," said Pope to Spence, "one winter in town, that confined me to my room for five or six days, Lord Bolingbroke, who came to see me, happened to take up a Horace that lay on the table; and in turning it over, dipped on the

first Satire of the second book, which begins *Sunt quibus in satira*, &c. He observed how well that would hit my case, if I were to imitate it in English. After he was gone, I read it over; translated it in a morning or two, and sent it to the press in a week or a fortnight after. And this was the occasion of my imitating some other of the Satires and Epistles afterwards."[1]

In the above-mentioned Dialogue is a very indelicate couplet concerning Sappho, under which name (if his asseverations may be credited) Pope intended to satirize such ladies as Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. Centlivre, and Mrs. Manly, who were as notorious in the annals of gallantry as of literature. The public, however, chose to think that the poet alluded to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; and that she herself was of the same opinion was manifested by the appearance soon after of *Verses to the Imitator of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace*, the joint production of her Ladyship and Lord Harvey. Pope having treated with silent contempt this piece of coarse wit and violent abuse, Lord Harvey followed up the attack by a very dull *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*, [Dr. Sherwin] *from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*. To it Pope immediately wrote and printed an answer entitled *A Letter to a Noble Lord, on occasion of some Libels written and propagated at court, in the year* 1732-3; but that he suppressed it for a time appears by a passage of a letter from him to Swift, January 6, 1734;

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 297.

"There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain Lord. His weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter; I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after shewing it to some people, suppressed it: otherwise it was such as was worthy of him, and worthy of me." In this keenly ironical reply to Lord Harvey, Pope observes; "In regard to the Right Honourable Lady, your Lordship's friend, I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her as that of Sappho; a name prostituted to every infamous creature that ever wrote verse or novels. I protest I never applied that name to her in any verse of mine, public or private; and, I firmly believe, not in any letter or conversation. Whoever could invent a falsehood to support an accusation I pity; and whoever can believe such a character to be theirs, I pity still more." To the same effect were the assurances of Pope to Lord Peterborough, who expostulated with him on the subject, at the request of Lady Mary.

One of our author's most finished productions, the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (now printed as the *Prologue to the Satires)* was published in 1734. In an advertisement originally prefixed to it he tells the reader: "This Paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased

some persons of rank and fortune (the authors of Verses to the Imitator of Horace, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court) to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public judge), but my person, morals, and family, whereof to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous." In this piece we find the famous character of Addison, composed many years before, and first printed in a volume of Pope's *Miscellanies*. The following tender lines at the conclusion of the *Epistle*, are a copy of verses, altered and improved, which he had written in 1731, by the bed-side of his mother;[1]

> "O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine;
> Be no unpleasing melancholy mine!
> Me, let the tender office long engage,
> To rock the cradle of reposing age,
> With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
> Make languor smile, and smoothe the bed of death,
> Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
> And keep awhile one parent from the sky!

[1] See a letter from Pope to Aaron Hill, Sept. 3, 1731.

From Hampstead, where he was languishing under an illness, without hopes of recovery, Arbuthnot addressed a letter to Pope, July 17, 1734, in which he says; "As for you, my good friend, I think, since our first acquaintance, there have not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies that often affect the sincerest friendships; I am sure, not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for those talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundations of my friendship; they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them: and I make it my last request, that you will continue that noble disdain and abhorrence of vice, which you seem naturally endued with; but still with a due regard to your own safety; and study more to reform than chastise, though the one cannot be effected without the other . . . . . A recovery, in my case,[1] and at my age, is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is Euthanasia. Living or dying, I shall always be your, &c." On the 26th of the month Pope replies: "What you recommend to me, with the solemnity of a last request, shall have its due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against vice is (I thank God) the only disdain and indignation I have: it is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of vice, without hating the vicious, as to bear a true love for virtue, without loving the good. To reform and

[1] Arbuthnot died, February, 1735.

not to chastise, I am afraid, is impossible; and that the best precepts, as well as the best laws, would prove of small use, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compared with plain, full, and home examples: precepts only apply to our reason, which in most men is but weak: examples are pictures, and strike the senses; nay, raise the passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own; and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterred. So that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they raised the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to see that those who have no shame, and no fear of any thing else, have appeared touched by my Satires. As to your kind concern for my safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some characters I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve them, it is evidently a service to mankind to point those men out; yet such as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themselves. But if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot

fear. Such, in particular, as have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of the day; the talents that make a cheat or a whisperer are not the same that qualify a man for an insulter: and as to private villany, it is not so safe to join in an assassination as in a libel. I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man; but not so far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them; as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope I shall not forfeit it; for that of the great, or those in power, I may wish I had it; but if through misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it. . . . . I would not have said so much, but to show you my whole heart on this subject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that request, which you make your last to me, and to perform it with temper, justice, and resolution. As your approbation (being the testimony of a sound head and an honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the will of God (which, I know, will also be yours),

that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me: you are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy."

During 1734 also was published the fourth Epistle of the *Essay on Man*; and the *Second Satire of the Second Book of Horace* was then first printed with a republication of the *First Satire* of the same book.

Of the Characters of Women, an Epistle to a Lady, (i. e. Martha Blount) appeared in 1735, having the following advertisement prefixed to it: "The author being very sensible how particular a tenderness is due to the female sex, and at the same time how little they generally show to each other, declares upon his honour, that no one character is drawn from the life in this epistle. It would otherwise be most improperly inscribed to a lady, who, of all the women he knows, is the last that would be entertained at the expense of another." The characters of Philomede, Chloe, and Atossa, are not found in the early editions of this Epistle. That of Atossa was undoubtedly designed for the famous Duchess of Marlborough. "These lines," says Warton, "were shown to her Grace as if they were intended for the portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham; but she soon stopped the person who was reading them to her, as the Duchess of Portland informed me, and called out aloud, 'I cannot be so imposed upon; I see plainly enough for whom they are

designed;' and abused Pope most plentifully on the subject: though she was afterwards reconciled to him, and courted him, and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress this portrait; which he accepted, it is said, by the persuasion of Mrs. M. Blount; and, after the Duchess's death, it was printed in a folio sheet, 1746, and afterwards here inserted with those of Philomede and Chloe. This is the greatest blemish in our poet's moral character."[1] On this note of Warton, Mr. Roscoe justly observes, that the story of Pope's having accepted a bribe to suppress the portrait "is a calumny which requires no other refutation than the independence of his character, and the uniform integrity of his life. . . . . It does not appear that these vigorous and sarcastic lines were printed till after the death of Pope and the Duchess, both of whom died in the same year, 1744."[2] The Epistle in question now forms the Second of the *Moral Essays*.

In the same year, the second volume of our author's Miscellaneous Works was published in folio and quarto, to range with the former volume, and with the translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. The Address to the Reader concludes thus: "It will be but justice to me to believe that nothing more is mine, notwithstanding all that hath been published in my name, or added to my Miscellanies, since 1717, by any bookseller whatsoever. A. Pope." In this volume were printed for the

[1] Warton's note on *Moral Essays*, ep. ii. v. 120.

[2] Roscoe's note, *ibid.*

first time the *Satires of Donne versified;* a rifacimento which Pope was induced to attempt, by the desire of showing those persons who had complained of the boldness of his own Satires, that English writers of the most respectable character had formerly arraigned vice as publicly, and painted it in even stronger colours. With this view also he had begun to "versify" the Satires of Hall:[1] that he did not proceed far in his improvements on that vigorous poet, will not, perhaps, occasion much regret to the lovers of our early literature.

In October of this year, Lord Peterborough, who possessed a considerable portion of Pope's esteem, died on ship-board during his passage to Lisbon.

A Sermon against Adultery: being Sober Advice from Horace to the Young Gentlemen about town, as delivered in his Second Sermon. Imitated in the manner of Mr. Pope, printed anonymously and without date, appeared, I imagine, either in 1734 or 1735; as in the latter year was published *A Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by Sober Advice from Horace, &c.* The piece in question our poet did not choose to acknowledge on account of its indecencies,[2] but that

[1] Mr. Roscoe (*Life of Pope*, p. 436) speaks of "the works of Hall preceding those of Donne;" but Mr. J. P. Collier, in his *Poetical Decameron*, vol. i. p. 153, has shewn, that Donne ought to be considered as the earliest English satirist.

[2] Our author's poetical *Epistle to Teresa Blount, on her leaving the town after the coronation*, originally concluded

it is a genuine production has never been doubted. Together with the *Sermon* he gave "the original text, as restored by the Reverend R. Bentley, Doctor of Divinity, and some Remarks on the Version," putting the name of that matchless scholar to several very gross notes. "I have been told," says the author of the *Letter* to Pope, "that the great critic himself, who did not read the Sermon till he heard something about his son and you, said after, *'Tis an impudent dog; but I talked against his Homer, and the portentous cub never forgives.*"

The *Essay on Man*, and the *Moral Epistles*, were intended to form portions of a great system of ethics which Pope had been for some years revolving in his mind. We now find him impressed with an idea that his poetical powers were on the wane, and that he should never be able to complete the task. In a letter to Swift, March 25th, 1736, he says, "If ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it and begun it, but I would make what bears your

with some lines of extreme coarseness; his verses *To Mr. Moore, on the Worm Powder*, contained, as first printed, an abominable stanza; he certainly composed the very reprehensible *Version of the First Psalm*, published by Curll; and I have seen in the possession of a gentleman who had copied them from Pope's well known handwriting, several Epigrams, than which nothing more disgusting is to be found in *Elegantiæ Latini Sermonis*, or the *Poems* of Rochester.

In Pope's time English literature was still tainted by the licentiousness of Charles the Second's reign.

name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, *viz.* 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reason and Science. 2. A View of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful and therefore unattainable, Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use of different Capacities. 4. Of the Use of Learning, of the Science of the World, and of Wit. It will conclude with a satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples. But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished: I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly."

With the methods, to which Pope is said to have resorted in order to obtain a pretext for publishing a collection of his letters, every reader has been made acquainted by the narrative of Dr. Johnson.[1] That account, which tends so greatly to lower the character of our author in

[1] Johnson's *Life of Pope*, being in every body's hands, I have not thought it necessary to swell this Memoir by extracting from it the passages in question.

the estimation of the world, had been adopted by succeeding biographers, till the late Octavius Gilchrist, and more particularly Mr. Roscoe, after a minute examination of the subject, showed that the whole story was "a tissue of gross mistakes and groundless imputations." A detail of facts is here necessary.

Mr. Henry Cromwell had entrusted to the keeping of his mistress, Elizabeth Thomas,[1] the letters which had passed between himself and Pope; and these the lady, being reduced to great straits, sold to Curll the bookseller, who printed them in a small volume, in 1727. On this, Pope wrote to Cromwell, to learn by what means the letters had been made public. Cromwell's inquiries on the subject drew from Mrs. Thomas, whom he had not seen for seven years, an epistle in which she told him, "to end all dispute, you were pleased to make me a free gift of them, [the letters] to do what I pleased with them." This assertion of the lady, Cromwell assured Pope, was "straining the point too far." In short, the poet could obtain from his early friend no satisfaction for this breach of confidence but apologies and professions of esteem.

[1] To this woman, who possessed considerable talents, Dryden gave the poetical name of Corinna: some of her verses will be found in *Specimens of British Poetesses*, p. 157. She fabricated the ridiculous account of Dryden's funeral, which seems to have obtained credit till the appearance of Malone's edition of that poet's *Prose Works*. Her *Memoirs*, written by herself, are full of the most preposterous figments.

To guard against the occurrence of any such vexatious circumstance in future, Pope determined to recall such of his letters as were still in existence. A great number of them were returned to him, three parts of which he committed to the flames. The remainder he laid by, "together with those of his correspondents, and caused a copy to be taken to deposit in the library of a noble friend, [the Earl of Oxford] that in case either of the revival of slanders, or the publication of surreptitious letters, during his life or after, a proper use might be made of them."[1]

In 1728, Wycherley's Posthumous Works were printed. "To show the world his better judgment, and that it was his last resolution to have suppressed these poems,"[2] Pope published, during the following year, some of the letters which had passed between Wycherley and himself on the subject. These were transcribed from the volume in the library of Lord Oxford.

In 1735, Curll wrote to Pope as follows:

"SIR,

"To convince you of my readiness to oblige you, the enclosed is a demonstration. You have, as he says, disobliged a gentleman, the initial letters of whose name are P. T. I have some other papers in the same hand relating to your family, which I will show you, if you desire a sight of them. Your letters to Mr. Cromwell are out of

[1] Preface to the first genuine edition of Pope's *Letters*, 1737.

[2] *Ibid.*

print, and I intend to print them very beautifully in an octavo volume. I have more to say than is proper to write, and if you'll give me a meeting, I will wait on you with pleasure, and close all differences betwixt you and yours,

" E. CURLL.

" Rose Street, 22nd March, 1735.

" P. S. I expect the civility of an answer or message."

In this epistle were enclosed " two scraps of paper, supposed to be P. T's, a feigned hand." The one contained the following advertisement: " Letters of Alexander Pope, Esq. and several eminent Hands. From the year 1705 to 1727. Containing a Critical, Philological, and Historical Correspondence between him and Henry Cromwell, Esq.; William Wycherley, Esq.; William Walsh, Esq.; William Congreve, Esq.; Sir William Trumbull; Sir Richard Steele; E. O—; Mr. Addison; Mr. Craggs: Mr. Gay; Dean Swift, &c. with several Letters to Ladies; to the Number of Two hundred. N. B. The originals will be shown at E. Curll's when the Book is published." The other scrap of paper was a fragment of a letter in the same hand, which expressed the writer's " dissatisfaction at Curll for not having printed his advertisement."[1] Instead of returning an answer

[1] *Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's Letters were published.*

to Curll, Pope inserted an advertisement in the public journals, declaring "that he never had, nor intended to have, any private correspondence with Curll; that he knew no such person as P. T., and that he believed the whole to be a forgery." On the 12th of May, the following announcement appeared in the Daily Postboy: "This day are published, and most beautifully printed, price five Shillings, Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence for thirty years; from 1704 to 1734. Being a Collection of Letters, regularly digested, written by him to the Right Honourable the late Earl of Halifax, Earl of Burlington, Secretary Craggs, Sir William Trumbull, Honourable J. C., General ****, Honourable Robert Digby, Esq.; Honourable Edward Blount, Esq.; Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Steele, Mr. Gay, Mr. Jervas, Dr. Arbuthnot, Dean Berkeley, Dean Parnelle, &c. Also Letters from Mr. Pope to Mrs. Arabella Fermor, and many other Ladies. With the respective Answers of each Correspondent. Printed for E. Curll, in Rose-Street, Covent Garden, and sold by all Booksellers. N. B. The Original Manuscripts (of which Affidavit is made) may be seen at Mr. Curll's House by all who desire it." In consequence of this advertisement, the Earl of Jersey moved in the House of Lords (the Bill for the better Encouragement of Learning then depending) that the publishing letters to noblemen with their answers was a breach of privilege; and it

was ordered that the impression of the work should be seized, and that Curll and Wilford, the printer of the Postboy, should attend the house. When Curll was next day examined before a committee, he declared his ignorance whence the books came, and that his wife received them; and it appearing on a reference to the volume, that it contained no letters of any *Peers*, Curll was discharged, and the books were restored to him.

Pope now offered by advertisement a reward of twenty guineas to any one concerned in the publication of the volume, who would discover the whole affair, and twice that sum if he could prove that he acted by the direction of any other and what person. A few days afterwards a packet of papers was left with Pope's publisher, containing the correspondence between P. T. and Curll; from which was drawn up and printed *A true Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's Letters have been published.* The triumphant Curll, however, proceeded to put forth in the same year (1735) a second and a third volume of our author's correspondence. In the second volume he reprinted the *Narrative* just mentioned, with a variety of insulting notes, and subjoined to it a narrative of his own, entitled *The Initial Correspondence, or, Anecdotes of the Life and Family of Mr. Pope.* In the latter piece he gives the following account of his first interview with the agent of P. T. "On the 7th of May, R. S., a short squat man came to my house near

ten at night. He had on a clergyman's gown, and his neck was surrounded with a large lawn barrister's band. He shewed me a book in sheets, almost finished, and about a dozen original letters, and promised me the whole at our next meeting." Describing a subsequent interview between R. S. and himself, at the Standard Tavern in Leicester Fields, Curll says: "We had not been together half an hour, before two porters brought to the Tavern five bundles of books upon a horse, which R. S. told me came by water. He ordered the porters to carry them to my house, and my wife took them in." According to Dr. Johnson, R. S. was James Worsdale, the painter.[1] In the preface to this second volume Curll tells Pope; "You very well know, sir, that in the year 1717, when the Court Poems (viz. the Basset Table, The Toilet, and the Drawing-room) were published, upon your sending for me to the Swan Tavern in Fleet Street, in company with Mr. Lintot, and inquiring into the publication of that pamphlet, I then frankly told you, &c. . . . . For this you were pleased to treat me with half a pint of Canary, antimonially prepared; for the emetic effects of which, it has been the opinion of all mankind, you deserved the stab. My purgation was soon over; but

[1] "James Worsdale, a painter, who was employed in clandestine negotiations, *but whose veracity was very doubtful*, declared that he was the messenger who carried, by Pope's direction, the books to Curll."—Johnson's *Life of Pope*.

yours will last (without a timely repentance) till, as the Ghost says in Hamlet, *with all your imperfections on your head, you are called to your accompt, and your offences purged by fire.*" It was in consequence of this ridiculous assertion, that Pope wrote *A full and true Account of a horrid and barbarous Revenge by poison on the body of Mr. Edmund Curll, bookseller*, which was followed by *A further Account of the most deplorable Condition of Mr. Edmund Curll, Bookseller.* In 1736, this undaunted publisher sent out a fourth volume, and in 1737, a fifth volume of Pope's *Literary Correspondence.*

That portion of our author's letters printed by P. T. which was genuine, could only have been obtained, as Pope believed, "from his own library or that of a noble Lord [Oxford]."[1] This supposition is confirmed by what P. T. writes to Curll in the *Initial Correspondence*: "He is no man of quality, but conversant with many; and happening to be concerned with a noble Lord (a friend of Mr. Pope's) in handing to the press his letters to Wycherley, he got some copies over and above. This incident put first into his head the thought of collecting more, and afterwards finding you did not comply in printing his advertisement, he went on with it by himself; found Cromwell's answers in the same Lord's possession, with many others, which he printed as near as possible to

[1] *Advertisement*, in the *True Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's Letters have been published.*

correspond with the letter and paper." "After this explicit acknowledgment," says Mr. Roscoe, "either from Curll himself, or the person through whose agency he obtained the letters of Pope and his friends, it would be equally unjust and absurd to consider Pope as the contriver of this ridiculous manœuvre, and to presume that he had printed, and sent to different booksellers, some hundred copies of his correspondence, intermixed with pieces grossly indecent, and containing many letters both of himself and his friends, which he rejected from the authentic edition of his works; justly observing, in his preface to that edition, that 'they are such as no man of common sense would have published himself.' But it may be asked on the other hand, was Curll then the contriver of this dark and intricate transaction? and are we to suppose that he was the sole author of the numerous letters, advertisements, and proceedings, which brought him before the House of Lords, and subjected him to the indignation of Pope, which he was aware left a brand which was never to be erased? Considering the turbulent and shameless character of Curll evinced in his publications, it is not impossible but this may have been the case; but it is perhaps still more probable that other persons were the contrivers, or at least had a share in the plot, and that the letters signed P. T., R. S., &c., were actually written to Curll, by some person who had obtained copies of Pope's letters from the originals in the

library of Lord Oxford, and who, not choosing to take the risk of bringing them himself before the public, had thought it advisable to apply to Curll, who had already published some of Pope's letters, and to put the copies already printed into his hands. This supposition, coupled with the knowledge of the litigious and irritable character of Curll, sufficiently explains the angry notes which passed between the parties, respecting the payment of the sum agreed on, the making the copies perfect, and many other circumstances, which are of no importance to the plot, and yet occur too naturally to be mere pretexts. James Worsdale, a painter of some talent, mentioned by Johnson, and connected with the theatres, but who was notorious for his disregard of truth, and who is said to have asserted, that he had been employed by Pope in this transaction, was most probably the person who acted the part of the invisible agent, and by obtaining the copies from Lord Oxford's library, gave rise to the whole affair."[1]

The curiosity of all readers having been greatly excited by these publications of Curll, Pope was urged by his friends to give to the world a genuine edition of his correspondence. Mr. Allen, of Bath, whose acquaintance with the poet commenced on this occasion, conceived such an esteem for him from the perusal of the letters already printed,

[1] Roscoe's *Life of Pope*, p. 461.

that he offered to defray the entire expense of a new edition. Pope chose, however, to put forth the volume by subscription; and having obtained a sufficient number of names, it appeared both in quarto and octavo, early in 1737. It was shortly after reprinted in three vols. octavo, with the addition of all those letters from Curll's publications which were genuine, and of several never before committed to the press.

To conclude the subject at once—About this time Swift was sinking fast into a miserable state of mental imbecility; and by his concurrence, it appears, the letters which he had received from Pope were, much to the annoyance of our author, printed at Dublin. "My vexation," Pope writes to Allen in 1741, "about Dean Swift's proceeding has fretted and employed me a great deal, in writing to Ireland, and trying all the means possible to retard it; for it is put past preventing, by his having (without asking my consent, or so much as letting me see the book) printed most of it." The correspondence between Swift and Pope was immediately reprinted from the Dublin edition by the rapacious Curll in 1741, as a continuation of the five volumes of Pope's *Literary Correspondence*.

In 1737, four of Pope's Imitations of Horace were published. *The first Epistle of the first Book* is addressed to Lord Bolingbroke. In it the poet pays a compliment to Cheselden, with whom it appears he had a while resided during

the preceding year, on account of a complaint in his eyes, which that eminent surgeon had removed. *The sixth Epistle of the first Book* is addressed to Mr. Murray (afterwards Lord Mansfield), who was now Pope's frequent associate, and whose future distinction he foresaw. *The first Epistle of the second Book* is addressed to George the Second, under the name of Augustus, and in delicacy and bitterness of irony has never been surpassed. The following lines in this piece,

> "And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd;
> The rights a court attack'd a poet sav'd,"

drew forth some threats of a prosecution against the author. The *second Epistle of the second Book* is addressed to Colonel Cotterell. In this year, too, was produced the very graceful imitation of Horace's *Ode to Venus*.

During the next year, two Dialogues, each entitled *One thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight*, made their appearance separately: they now form the *Epilogue to the Satires*. The well known verses in this poem, which, in spite of Warburton's explanation, must be understood as a sarcastic allusion to Queen Caroline's refusal to see the Prince of Wales on her death bed, are not found in the first edition;

> "Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,
> Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn;
> And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
> All parts perform'd, and all her children blest."

In consequence of a line in Paul Whitehead's *Manners*, which was printed about this period,

"And Sherlock's shop, and Henley's are the same,"

the Bishop of Salisbury moved that the poet should be called before the House of Lords. Whitehead keeping himself concealed, Dodsley, his publisher, was apprehended; but after a short time was discharged, having been put to an expense of seventy pounds. This respectable and ingenious man told Warton that "his prosecution was intended as a hint to Pope, and he understood it as such; and did not publish a *Third* Dialogue, which he certainly had designed to do."[1] That our author meditated such a piece we know on his own authority, for in a letter to Mr. Fortescue, July 31st, 1738, he says: "You see I have made him [Sir Robert Walpole] a second compliment in print, in my second Dialogue; and he ought to take it for no small one, since in it I couple him with Lord Bolingbroke. As he shows a right sense of this, I may make him a third in my third Dialogue." Warburton says[2] that Pope had begun to write it, and that it was more severe and sublime than the first and second. Of the fragment, first given to the press by Warton as a portion of the Dialogue in question, and entitled *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty*, as having been composed in that year,

[1] Warton's *Life of Pope*, p. 61.

[2] In a note on the lines *To Lady Francis Shirley*.

there is great reason to doubt the genuineness, both on account of its sentiments and its style: it contains contemptuous and abusive notices of Lord Cobham, Lord Bathurst, Sir Robert Walpole, &c., and does not exhibit a single line which rises above mediocrity. It has, however, been added to the present collection.

The *Universal Prayer* appeared in 1738.

In a letter from Pope to Swift, May 17, 1739, the last which he ever wrote to that valued friend, are the following most interesting passages: "You ask me how I am at court? I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The Prince[1] shows me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have lately received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me; yet I have no

[1] "About this time he [Pope] was honoured with the favour and friendship of Frederick Prince of Wales, who was then in opposition to the Court. And Mr. Glover told me, that being with Mr. Pope at Twickenham, soon after he published Leonidas, the Prince, attended by Mr. Lyttelton, one evening paid them a visit; the latter privately desired Pope and Glover, that they would join with him in dissuading the Prince to ride a vicious horse he was fond of; and among other things urged on the subject, Pope said with earnestness to the Prince, 'I hope, Sir, the people of England will not be made miserable by a *second* horse!' alluding to the accident that befell King William. 'I think,' (added Pope, whispering afterwards to Mr. Glover,) 'this speech was pretty well for me!'"—*Id. ibid.*

quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight to complain of them. I am very well with the courtiers I ever was, or would be acquainted with. At least they are civil to me, which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The Duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body. Yet I cultivate some young people's friendship, because they may be honest men, whereas the old ones' experience too often proves not to be so; I having dropped ten where I have taken up one, and I hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a Lord Cornbury, a Lord Polwarth, a Mr. Murray, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption of the world.

"You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit. I am sinking fast into prose; and if ever I write more, it ought (at these years and in these times) to be something, the matter of which will give a value to the work, not merely the manner.

"Since my protest, for so I call my Dialogue of 1738, I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the Dunciad, which generally is reprinted once in two years. . . . . Having nothing to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amusement. The first is better, as to head-aches; worse as to

weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much; otherwise I want not spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life. In the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep and am stupid enough. I love reading still better than conversation; but my eyes fail; and at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down; so I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and rise and chirp the earlier in the morning. I often vary the scene (indeed at every friend's call) from London to Twickenham, or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them.

"Lord Bathurst is still my constant friend, and yours; but his country seat is now always in Gloucestershire, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. Pulteney has no country seat, and in town I see him seldom; but he always asks for you. In the summer I generally ramble for a month to Lord Cobbham's, the Bath, or elsewhere. In all those rambles my mind is full of you and poor Gay, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why cannot I cross the sea? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of, the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that weakness of the breast which makes the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. . . . . Well

then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at; but my memory, my affections, my esteem, are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours."

In 1740, Pope edited *Selecta Poemata Italorum*, in 2 vols. This collection is little more than a republication of *Anthologia, seu selecta quædam Poemata Italorum qui Latinè scripserunt*, printed at London in 12mo. 1684.[1]

Crousaz having endeavoured to show that the tendency of the *Essay on Man* was hostile to revelation, Warburton, already distinguished as the author of *The Alliance between Church and State, and the Divine Legation of Moses*, stept forward, spontaneously, as the champion of Pope[2] against the Swiss Professor. His de-

[1] The elegant and judicious Latin Preface to this little volume, which Pope did not reprint, has been ascribed (Warton says, falsely) to Atterbury.

[2] "He had in the early part of his life pleased himself with the notice of inferior wits, and corresponded with the enemies of Pope. A letter was produced, when he had perhaps himself forgotten it, in which he tells Concanen, 'Dryden, I observe, borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius; Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty.' And when Theobald published Shakespeare, in opposition to Pope, the best notes were supplied by Warburton. . . . . The arrogance of Warburton excited against him every artifice of offence, and therefore it may be supposed, that his union with Pope was censured as hypocritical inconstancy; but surely to think differently, at different times, of poetical merit, may be easily allowed."

Johnson's *Life of Pope*.

fence[1] of the principles of the *Essay* appeared in a monthly literary journal, entitled, *The Republic of Letters*, and attracted much attention. It was natural that Pope should solicit the acquaintance of a man who had displayed such zeal and ability in his cause, and accordingly we find him writing as follows to Warburton, from Bath, April 16, 1740: "Let us meet like men who have been many years acquainted with each other, and whose friendship is not to begin, but to continue. All forms should be past, when people know each other's mind so well: I flatter myself you are a man after my own heart, who seeks content only from within, and says to greatness, *Tuas habeto tibi res, egomet habebo meas.* But as it is but just your other friends should have some part of you, I insist on my making you the first visit in London, and thence, after a few days, to carry you to Twitenham, for as many as you can afford me." In consequence of this invitation, Warburton, soon after, spent a fortnight at our author's villa. "Their first interview," says Warton, "was in Lord Radnor's garden, just by Mr. Pope's at Twickenham. Dodsley was present; and was, he told me, astonished at the high compliments paid him by Pope, as he approached him."[2] The poet

[1] It was afterwards collected into a volume, called *A critical and Philosophical Commentary on Mr. Pope's Essay on Man, &c. By Mr. Warburton*, 1742.

[2] Warton's Pope, vol. ix. p. 342.

and his commentator were equally pleased with each other; and their acquaintance was quickly changed into a sincere and enduring friendship.

A collection of the Letters and Prose Works of Pope, in two volumes folio and quarto, appeared in 1741. In it the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus* (already mentioned p. lxxviii,) were first printed. The design of this satire, says Spence, from the information of Pope, "was to have ridiculed all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity enough, that had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each. It was begun by a club of some of the greatest wits of the age: Lord Oxford, the Bishop of Rochester, Mr. Pope, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Swift, and others. Gay often held the pen; and Addison liked it very well, and was not disinclined to come into it. The Deipnosophy consisted of disputes on ridiculous tenets of all sorts: and the adventure of the Shield was designed against Doctor Woodward and the Antiquaries. It was Anthony Henley who wrote 'the life of his music master Tom Durfey,' a chapter by way of episode. It was from a part of these Memoirs, that Dr. Swift took his first hints for Gulliver; there were pigmies in Schreibler's travels; and the projects of Laputa. The design was carried on much farther than has appeared in print; and was stopped by some of the gentlemen being dispersed or otherwise engaged."[1]

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 10.

In this year Pope and Warburton set out on a tour through different parts of the country. During a short stay at Oxford, they were officially informed that it was the intention of the University to confer on each of them a Doctor's degree, —that of divinity on Warburton—that of civil law on Pope. The honor proposed for the former was, however, prevented by two or three persons, whom he terms "the creatures of a man in power, and the slaves of their own passions and prejudices;"[1] and so indignant was Pope at the treatment of his friend, that he refused to accept the degree intended for himself, and afterwards satirized the University in the fourth Book of *The Dunciad*, in the lines concerning Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen.

Towards the end of the same year, Pope, who was then residing at Bath with Mr. Allen, wrote a letter to Warburton, containing a pressing invitation from himself and his worthy host to join them there. By complying with the request, Warburton laid the foundation of his future fortunes. On this occasion, he supplied various notes to the fourth book of *The Dunciad*, which Pope appears to have written chiefly at his suggestion, and which early in 1742 was given, as a separate piece, to the world.

The attacks of our author on Colley Cibber, which were certainly far too severe, had drawn forth from that very lively, good-humoured, and

[1] Note on a letter from Pope to Warburton, Sept. 20, 1741.

dissolute personage, the following remarks, in his *Apology for his Life*, published in 1740. "Not our great Imitator of Horace himself [Pope] can have more Pleasure in writing his Verses, than I have in reading them, tho' I sometimes find myself there (as Shakespeare terms it) *dispraisingly* spoken of: If he is a little free with me, I am generally in good company, he is as blunt with my Betters; so that even here I might laugh in my turn. My Superiors, perhaps, may be mended by him; but, for my part, I own myself incorrigible: I look upon my Follies as the best part of my Fortune, and am more concern'd to be a good Husband of Them, than of That; nor do I believe I shall ever be rhim'd out of them."[1] "When I find my Name at length in the Satyrical Works of our most celebrated living Author [Pope], I never look upon those Lines as Malice meant to me (for he knows I never provok'd it), but Profit to himself: One of his Points must be, to have many Readers: He considers that my Face and Name are more known than those of many thousands of more consequence in the Kingdom: That therefore, right or wrong, a Lick at the Laureat will always be a sure Bait, *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch him little Readers: And that to gratify the Unlearned, by now and then interspersing those merry Sacrifices of an old Acquaintance to their Taste, is a piece of

[1] P. 13, ed. 4to.

quite right Poetical Craft."[1] In consequence of these observations, Pope again held Cibber up to ridicule in the fourth book of *The Dunciad*, as the "laureat son" of the Goddess of Dulness. Colley then made an attempt at retaliation, by printing *A Letter to Mr. Pope, Inquiring into the Motives that might induce him in his Satyrical Works to be so frequently fond of Mr. Cibber's name*, 1742; in which he thus accounts for the enmity of the poet towards him. "The Play of the *Rehearsal*, which had lain some few Years dormant, being by his present Majesty (then Prince of *Wales*) commanded to be revived, the Part of *Bays* fell to my share. To this Character there had always been allow'd such ludicrous Liberties of Observation, upon any thing new, or remarkable, in the state of the Stage, as Mr. *Bays* might think proper to take. Much about this time, then, *The Three Hours after Marriage*[2] had been acted without Success; when Mr. *Bays*, as usual, had a fling at it, which, in itself, was no Jest, unless the Audience would please to make it one: But however, flat as it was, Mr. *Pope* was mortally sore upon it. This was the Offence. In this Play, two Coxcombs, being in love with a learned Virtuoso's Wife, to get unsuspected Access to her, ingeniously send themselves, as two presented Rarities to the Husband, the one curiously swath'd up like an *Egyptian*

[1] P. 22, ed. 4to.

[2] See p. lxi of this Memoir.

Mummy, and the other slily cover'd in the Paste-board Skin of a Crocodile: upon which poetical Expedient, I Mr. *Bays*, when the two Kings of *Brentford* came from the Clouds into the Throne again, instead of what my Part directed me to say, made use of these Words, viz. 'Now, Sir, this Revolution, I had some Thoughts of introducing, by a quite different Contrivance; but my Design taking air, some of your sharp Wits, I found, had made use of it before me; otherwise I intended to have stolen one of them in, in the Shape of a *Mummy*, and t'other, in that of a *Crocodile*.' Upon which, I doubt, the Audience by the Roar of their Applause shew'd their proportionable Contempt of the Play they belong'd to. But why am I answerable for that? I did not lead them, by any Reflection of my own, into that Contempt: Surely to have used the bare Word *Mummy*, and *Crocodile*, was neither unjust, or unmannerly; Where then was the Crime of simply saying there had been two such things in a former Play? But this, it seems, was so heinously taken by Mr. *Pope*, that, in the swelling of his Heart, after the Play was over, he came behind the Scenes, with his Lips pale and his Voice trembling, to call me to account for the Insult: And accordingly fell upon me with all the foul language, that a Wit out of his Senses could be capable of———How durst I have the Impudence to treat any Gentleman in that manner? *&c. &c. &c.* Now let the Reader judge

by this Concern, who was the true Mother of the Child! When he was almost choked with the foam of his Passion, I was enough recover'd from my Amazement to make him (as near as I can remember) this Reply, *viz.* 'Mr. *Pope*——You are so particular a Man, that I must be asham'd to return your Language as I ought to do: but since you have attacked me in so monstrous a Manner; This you may depend upon, that as long as the Play continues to be acted, I will never fail to repeat the same Words over and over again.' Now, as he accordingly found I kept my Word, for several Days following, I am afraid he has since thought, that his Pen was a sharper Weapon than his Tongue to trust his Revenge with. And however just Cause this may be for his so doing, it is at least, the only Cause my Conscience can charge me with:"[1] In this gossiping pamphlet Cibber also tells us that, many years before, Lord Wharton, himself, and "another gentleman still in being," "slily seduced the celebrated Mr. Pope" to a certain house of bad character near the Haymarket, and relates with the most provoking circumstantiality a ludicrous adventure which there befell our poet.[2]

Pope now inflicted on the unblushing Colley the severest chastisement that his angry muse could devise. He removed Theobald from the

[1] *A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope, &c.* p. 17.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 46.

"bad eminence" which he had so long held in *The Dunciad*, and elevated Cibber to the throne. In 1743, was published *The Dunciad in four Books, printed according to the complete copy found in the year* 1742, *with the Prolegomena of Scriblerus and Notes Variorum. To which are added several Notes now first published, the Hypercritics of Aristarchus, and his Dissertation on the Hero of the Poem:* the long Discourse of Aristarchus and many of the notes were from the pen of Warburton. The change of heroes was not made without injury to the poem: lines which gave a just description of the character and pursuits of Theobald, were altogether inapplicable to those of Cibber. There was propriety in painting the former as

"Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound;"

but the author of *The Careless Husband* was subject to no such fits of cogitation. Theobald was a book collector, and fond of antiquarian literature; but the library of Colley certainly contained nothing[1]

"Imprinted at the antique dome
Of Caxton or De Worde."

Another occasional letter from Mr. Cibber to

[1] Pope was obliged to say, that Bays "furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the dry bodies of divinity, which, no doubt, were purchased by his father, when he designed him for the gown."—*Note on B. I. v.* 147.

Mr. Pope, wherein the new hero's preferment to his throne seems not to be accepted, and the author of that poem his more rightful claim to it asserted. With an expostulatory address to the Rev. M. W. W———n, author of the new preface, and adviser in the curious improvements of that Satire,[1] appeared in 1744.

A misunderstanding which, towards the end of Pope's life, took place between him and Mr. Allen, at the mansion of the latter, is said by Ruffhead and others to have originated in the arrogant behaviour of Martha Blount, who formed one of the party, towards Mrs. Allen. But in a letter to Martha, on the subject of this quarrel (dated 1742), Pope completely exculpates her; "I was," he observes, "wholly the unhappy cause of it;" a declaration which agrees with the account of the affair given by the lady to Spence. The friendly intercourse of Pope and Allen was only for a while interrupted.[2]

[1] "I have heard Mr. Richardson relate, that he attended his father the painter on a visit, when one of Cibber's pamphlets came into the hands of Pope, who said, 'These things are my diversion.' They sat by him while he perused it, and saw his features writhing with anguish; and young Richardson said to his father when they returned, that he hoped to be preserved from such diversion as had been that day the lot of Pope."—Johnson's *Life of Pope*.

[2] In Pope's Will (appended to this Memoir) is what Johnson calls "the petulant and contemptuous mention of Mr. Allen, and the affected repayment of his benefactions;" and according to him and most of Pope's biographers, it

The kindness of our author towards Savage, who terminated his wild career in 1743, ought not to be passed over in silence: when the other friends of that unprincipled man had deserted him in disgust, the bounty of Pope was not withheld from him.

The health of the illustrious subject of this memoir had been for some time declining. In addition to the headaches with which he had been more or less afflicted during his whole life, he had of late years laboured under an asthma, occasioned by dropsy in the breast. He now felt unequal to any new poetical attempts, and chiefly occupied himself in preparing, with the assistance of Warburton, a corrected edition of his works. In a letter to that faithful friend (printed without date, but written in 1744) he says: "Whatever little respites I have had from the daily care of my malady, have been employed in revising the papers *On the use of Riches*, which I would have ready for your last revise against you come to town, that they may be begun with while you are here. I own the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the

arose from the refusal of Martha Blount to accept "any legacy from Pope unless he left the world with a disavowal of obligation to Allen." She, however, expressly told Spence; "I had never read his will; but he mentioned to me the part relating to Mr. Allen, and I advised him to omit it, but could not prevail on him to do so."—*Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 357.

one, in a full resignation of my being, to be disposed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious reader. And no hand can set them in so good a light, or so well turn their best side to the day, as your own. This obliges me to confess, I have for some months thought myself going, and that not slowly, down the hill. The rather, as every attempt of the physicians, and still the last medicines more forcible in their nature, have utterly failed to serve me. I was at last, about seven days ago, taken with so violent a fit at Battersea, that my friends Lord M. [Marchmont] and Lord B. [Bolingbroke] sent for present help to the surgeon, whose bleeding me, I am persuaded, saved my life, by the instantaneous effect it had; and which has continued so much to amend me, that I have passed five days without oppression, and recovered, what I have three months wanted, some degree of expectoration, and some hours together of sleep."

Apprehensions of the invasion of the Pretender caused government about this time to issue a proclamation, forbidding Roman Catholic subjects to approach within ten miles of the metropolis. To this Pope alludes in a letter to Mr. Allen, March 6, 1744: "I thank you very kindly for

yours. I am sure we shall meet with the same hearts we ever met; and I could wish it were at Twickenham, though only to see you and Mrs. Allen twice there instead of once. But, as matters have turned out, a decent obedience to the government has since obliged me to reside here, ten miles out of the capital; and therefore I must see you here or nowhere. Let that be an additional reason for your coming and staying what time you can. The utmost I can do, I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may slide along the Surrey side (where no Middlesex Justice can pretend any cognizance) to Battersea, and thence cross the water for an hour or two, in a close chair, to dine with you, or so. But to be in town, I fear, will be imprudent, and thought insolent. At least hitherto, all comply with the proclamation."

Several interesting particulars of the closing scene of Pope's existence have been preserved.

"During the course of his illness," says Ruffhead,[1] "and in his last hours, he behaved with that composure and serenity which seldom fail to attend a pure conscience and elevated mind." . . . . . He, however, not only beheld his approaching end with magnanimity, but he spoke of it with cheerfulness; in adoring the goodness of the Deity in the flattering hopes he has permitted nature to indulge men, even amidst the sense of the desperateness of their condition.

[1] *Life of Pope*, p. 474.

'A dropsy in the breast, which is my case, I know to be incurable,' said he one day to the Bishop of Gloucester, 'and yet I frequently catch myself in indulging, before I am aware, with this pleasing delusive hope.'"

About three weeks before his death, on sending out some of his *Ethic Epistles* to his friends, he observed, "Here am I, like Socrates, distributing my morality among my friends, just as I am dying."[1]

On the tenth of May, he remarked, "One of the things that I have always most wondered at, is that there should be any such thing as human vanity. If I had any, I had enough to mortify it, a few days ago; for I lost my mind for a whole day." A day or two after, he complained of that odd phenomenon (as he called it) of seeing every thing in the room as through a curtain, and of false colours on objects.[2]

On the fifteenth, when Mr. Lyttelton came to visit him, just after his physician had been telling him that he was better, he said, "Here am I, dying of a hundred good symptoms."[3]

On the twenty-first, Lord Bolingbroke, leaning against the chair of the poet, wept over him for a considerable time. On another occasion, that

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 318.

[2] *Id.* p. 319.

[3] *Id. Ibid.* But according to Ruffhead (*Life of Pope, p.* 475.), this was said to the physician on the morning of his death.

nobleman, looking on Pope, exclaimed several times, his words interrupted by sobs, "O great God! what is man?" When Spence informed him, that Pope, when free from delirium, was always saying something kind, either of his present or his absent friends, and that it seemed as if his humanity had outlasted his understanding, Lord Bolingbroke answered, "It has so!" and then added, "I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind." At another time, he said, "I have known him these thirty years; and value myself more for that man's love, than"—sinking his head, and losing his voice in tears.[1]

On the twenty seventh, Pope, speaking of his having so little to leave, quoted two of his own verses, on his whole life having been divided between carelessness and care. On the same day he requested to be brought to the table where Spence and others were sitting at dinner. His

[1] *Id.* pp. 320, 321.—Bolingbroke quickly dried his tears for the loss of Pope. He had put his tract called *The Patriot King* into the hands of the poet, who had undertaken to get a very limited number of copies printed for distribution among his lordship's friends. But the printer gave up to Bolingbroke an impression of fifteen hundred copies, after the death of Pope, by whose desire they had been struck off and kept in secret; and his Lordship, highly indignant at what he considered an unpardonable breach of confidence in his late friend, made a fire in his yard, and committed them to the flames.

In a volume of Bolingbroke's tracts published in 1749,

appearance was such that they thought him dying, and Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot (daughter of the physician) involuntarily cried out, "Lord have mercy upon us! this is quite an Egyptian feast."[1]

"The thing that I suffer most from," he one day said, "is, that I find I cannot think."[2]

Another day, he asked Dodsley, who was sitting by his bed-side, "What great arm is that I see, coming out of the wall?"[3]

He once exclaimed, "What's that?" pointing into the air, with a very steady regard; and then looking down on Spence with a smile of delight, said in a very soft voice, "'Twas a vision!"[4]

A short time previous to his death he observed, "I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me, as it were by intuition."[5]

About the same period, in a temporary absence of reason, he rose from bed at four in the morn-

Mallet, who acted as editor, took occasion, at his lordship's instigation, to lay before the world the whole story in its most aggravated shape. On this, Warburton addressed *A Letter to the Editor of the Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism*, &c., in which he makes it evident that the only motive which could have influenced Pope in the transaction was admiration of his Lordship's writings. Mallet replied to Warburton in *A letter to the most impudent man living*.

The real cause of Bolingbroke's anger against the dead poet was probably the bequest of his property in his printed works to Warburton.

[1] *Id.* p. 320. [2] *Id.* p. 319.

[3] Warton's *Life of Pope*, p. lxiv.

[4] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 319.

[5] *Id.* p. 321.

ing, and went into his library, where he was discovered by a friend, very busily writing. He was persuaded to desist; and the paper on which he had been engaged was found to be an essay on the *Immortality of the soul*, according to a theory of his own; in which he spoke of those material things which tend to strengthen and support the soul's immortality, and of those which weaken and destroy it.[1]

Two days before he died, he sat in the garden[2] for three hours in a sedan chair; and took an airing in Bushy Park the day preceding his death.[3]

[1] Ruffhead's *Life of Pope*, p. 543.

[2] "While he was yet capable of amusement and conversation," says Johnson, "as he was one day sitting in the air with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont, he saw his favourite Martha Blount at the bottom of the terrace, and asked Lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, crossed his legs and sat still; but Lord Marchmont, who was younger and less captious, waited on the lady; who, when he came to her, asked, 'What, is he not dead yet?' She is said to have neglected him, with shameful unkindness, in the latter time of his decay; yet of the little which he had to leave, she had a very great part." Of this anecdote, which Johnson probably picked up from some of Martha Blount's enemies, the authenticity may be questioned. But, even if we allow it to be true, it does not prove that the lady was devoid of feeling. It merely amounts to this,—that she hastily expressed her surprise at Pope's holding out so long against an illness which she knew must be eventually fatal.

Martha Blount died at her house in Berkeley Square, 1762.

[3] Ruffhead's *Life of Pope*, p. 474.

When Mr. Hooke asked him, whether he would not die as his father and mother had done, and whether he should not send for a priest; he replied, "I do not suppose that is essential, but it will look right; and I heartily thank you for putting me in mind of it."[1]

Such was the fervour of his devotion, that he exerted all his strength to throw himself out of bed, that he might receive the last sacrament kneeling on the floor.[2]

In the morning after it had been administered to him by the priest, he said, "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue."[3]

Pope expired on the 30th of May, 1744, about eleven o'clock at night: yielding his breath so imperceptibly, that the exact moment of his departure was not marked by his attendants.[4]

His body, according to his own desire, was laid in the same vault with those of his parents.

The countenance[5] of Pope was pleasing, and

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 322.

[2] Warton's *Life of Pope*, p. lxv.

[3] Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 322.

[4] Ruffhead's *Life of Pope*, p. 471. Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 322.

[5] "He had a great deal of sweetness in his look, when he was a boy. This is very evident in the picture drawn for him when about ten years old: in which his face is round, plump, pretty, and of a fresh complexion. I have often heard Mrs. Pope say he was then exactly like that picture. I have often been told that it was the perpetual application

bespoke his genius: his eye was remarkably piercing. His person was slender and distorted, and his stature[1] so low that, in order to bring him to a level with tables of the common height, it was necessary to elevate his seat. He was unable[2] (at least after the middle of life) to dress or undress himself, to go to bed, or to rise, without assistance. He used to wear a sort of fur doublet, under a shirt of very coarse linen with fine sleeves; also stays made of stiff canvass, laced closely round him; and over these a flannel waistcoat. Three pair of stockings were required to give his legs a respectable bulk.[3] The deformity and meanness of his figure were, however, soon forgotten in the ease and elegance of his manners.

His suit of ceremony was black, with a tye-wig, and a little sword: when dining privately

he fell into, about two years afterwards, that changed his form and ruined his constitution. The laurel branch in that picture was not inserted originally; but was added, long after, by Jervas."—*Mannick*,—apud Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 26.

[1] "'Tis very amazing, to see a little Creature, *scarce four feet high*, whose very sight makes one laugh, strutting and swelling like the Frog in Horace, and demanding the adoration of all mankind, because it can make fine verses."—*A Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by Sober Advice from Horace*, &c. 1735, p. 17.

[2] His weakness did not prevent him from making two journeys to Oxford on horseback, one in 1714, another in 1716: but it probably increased as he advanced in years.

[3] Johnson's *Life of Pope*.

with Lord Oxford he wore a velvet cap, on account of baldness.[1]

That he was occasionally fretful and peevish need excite no wonder, when it is remembered that he was a constant valetudinarian; the chief complaint from which he suffered was headache. It is said that he was never observed to laugh heartily. He by no means excelled in conversation. He was wont to have recourse to little stratagems in order to obtain what he wanted, instead of openly mentioning the object of his wishes; which caused Lady Bolingbroke to say that "he played the politician about cabbages and turnips."[2]

He was fond of highly seasoned dishes, sweetmeats, and drams;[3] and his death was imputed (absurdly enough) by some of his acquaintance to a silver saucepan, in which he used to warm potted lampreys. At the houses where he visited he gave much trouble to the servants. He required coffee to be brought to him during the night; and in the severe winter of 1740, he scrupled not to call from her bed, four times in one night, a female domestic of Lord Oxford to

[1] *Id.* [2] *Id.*

[3] "We performed our journey hither with great ease, only little Pope was very ill the whole day. . . . . Pope grew better at supper, and of course *very irregular*, and laughed at me for the care I pretended to take of him."—*Letter from Mr. Berkeley to Lady Suffolk*, 19th June, 1734, among the *Suffolk Papers*, vol. ii. p. 71.

supply him with writing paper, lest any idea, worthy of preservation, should be lost; he was careful, however, to recompense her want of sleep.[1]

Pope was the perfect pattern of a dutiful and affectionate son. As a friend, he was warm, sincere, and constant. Raised by the sole force of his talents to a footing of intimacy with the high-born and the powerful, he never sacrificed the independence of his character by accepting their offers of pecuniary assistance: in the deathless praise which he bestowed upon his noble associates there was nothing venal. He was animated by a disinterested love of public freedom and of his country. His religion was that of a liberal and enlightened Roman Catholic. In the management of his domestic affairs he exercised a prudent economy, which enabled him to devote a portion of his moderate income[2] to purposes of charity.

It must be allowed that he was as unrelenting in his enmities as ardent in his friendships. The desire of fame was the ruling passion of his life; and those who attempted to cast the slightest stain on his reputation as a writer or a man, he persecuted with implacable hostility. The acrimonious terms in which he mentions some of his distinguished contemporaries can neither be justified nor excused.

[1] Johnson's *Life of Pope*.

[2] He had about £800 per annum.

The most striking characteristics of his poetry are lucid arrangement of matter, closeness of argument, marvellous condensation of thought and expression, brilliance of fancy ever supplying the aptest illustrations, and language elaborately finished almost beyond example.

His claim to invention is founded on two of his productions only,—the *Rape of the Lock* and the *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard*. The machinery of the Sylphs, in the former piece, was borrowed from *Le Compte de Gabalis* of the Abbé Villars; but a hasty glance at the Frenchman's curious rhapsody will immediately convince us how little it assisted Pope in the composition of a poem, over which he has diffused the richest colours of imagination. For the *Eloisa to Abelard*, the Latin Letters of those hapless lovers furnished several hints; but how has Pope elevated them into poetry! the deep pathos, the glowing eloquence, the picturesque imagery, the dramatic effect of that enchanting monologue are all his own.

Though his writings exhibit incidental glimpses of rural nature, he appears to have had no passionate sense of her beauties: he had more pleasure in describing those external objects which are artificial than those which are natural. His *Pastorals* are little more than imitations of Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser; and in his *Windsor Forest*, which gave him an opportunity of presenting to us distinct and peculiar landscapes, his

descriptions of scenery are general and without individuality.

On account of their excessive ornament, antitheses, epigrammatic flourishes, and the quantity of superfluous words thrust into them for the sake of rhyme, Pope's versions of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* can afford no gratification to those readers who thoroughly relish the severe and simple genius of antiquity.

Pope formed his style on that of Dryden. He has less enthusiasm, less majesty, less force of thought, than his great model, but he has more delicacy of feeling, more refinement, and more correctness. If he never soars to the height which Dryden reached when "the full burst of inspiration came," he never sinks so low as his master ofttimes fell. While soothed by the exquisitely sweet, but somewhat monotonous couplets of Pope,[1] we occasionally long for the bolder and more varied music of Dryden's lines.

[1] Cowper says justly of our author,

"But he (his musical finesse was such,
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch,)
Made poetry a mere mechanic art;
And every warbler has his tune by heart."

Table Talk.

PLAN OF AN EPIC POEM,

BY POPE,

TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN BLANK VERSE, AND INTITLED

BRUTUS,

ETC.

PLAN OF AN EPIC POEM, ETC.

FROM RUFFHEAD'S LIFE OF POPE, P. 410, ET SEQ.

"THE poem was to have been entitled *Brutus*. As Æneas was famed for his piety, so his grandson's characteristic was benevolence; the first predominant principle of his character, which prompted his endeavours to redeem the remains of his countrymen, the descendants from Troy, then captives in Greece, and to establish their freedom and felicity in a just form of government.

"He goes to Epirus; from thence he travels all over Greece; collects all the scattered Trojans; and redeems them with the treasures he brought from Italy.

"Having collected his scattered countrymen, he consults the oracle of Dodona, and is promised a settlement in an Island, which, from the description, appears to have been Britain. He then puts to sea, and enters the Atlantic Ocean.

"The first book was intended to open with the appearance of Brutus at the Straits of Calpe, in sight of the Pillars of Hercules (the *ne plus ultra*). He was to have been introduced debating in council with his captains, whether it was advisable to launch into the great ocean, on an enterprise bold and hazardous as that of the great Columbus.

" One reason, among others, assigned by Brutus, for attempting the great ocean in search of a new country was, that he entertained no prospect of introducing pure manners in any part of the then known world; but that he might do it among a people uncorrupt in their manners, worthy to be made happy, and wanting only arts and laws to that purpose.

" A debate ensues. Pisander, an old Trojan, is rather for settling in Betica, a rich country near the Straits, within the Mediterranean, of whose wealth they had heard great fame at Carthage.

" Brutus apprehends that the softness of the climate, and the gold found there, would corrupt their manners; besides, that the Tyrians, who had established great commerce there, had introduced their superstitions among the natives, and made them unapt to receive the instructions he was desirous to give.

" Cloanthes, one of his captains, out of avarice and effeminacy, nevertheless desires to settle in a rich and fertile country, rather than to tempt the dangers of the ocean, out of a romantic notion of heroism.

" This has such an effect, that the whole council, being dismayed, are unwilling to pass the Straits, and venture into the great ocean; pleading the example of Hercules for not advancing farther, and urging the presumption of going beyond a god. To which Brutus, rising with emotion, answers, that Hercules was but a mortal

like them; and that if their virtue was superior to his, they would have the same claim to divinity: for that the path of virtue was the only way which lay open to Heaven.

"At length he resolves to go in a single ship, and to reject all such dastards as dared not accompany him.

"Upon this, Orontes takes fire, declares he will attend him through any dangers; that he wants no oracle, but his own courage and the love of glory; that it was for merchants like the Tyrians, not for heroes like them, to make trading settlements in a country for the sake of its wealth.

"All the younger part of the council agree to the sentiments of Orontes; and, from the love they bear to Brutus, determine to be the companions of his enterprise; and it is resolved to set sail the next day. That night Hercules appears to him in a vision, applauding and confirming the sentiments he had that day delivered in council, and encouraging him to persevere in the pursuit of the intended enterprise.

"The second book opens with a picture of the Supreme God in all his majesty, sitting on his throne in the highest Heaven. The superintending Angel of the Trojans' empire (the *Regnum Priami vetus*) falls down before the throne, and confesses his justice in having overturned that kingdom, for the sins of the princes, and of the people themselves. But adds, that after having chastised and humbled them, it would now be

agreeable to his mercy and goodness, to raise up a new state from their ruins, and form a people who might serve him better; that, in Brutus, his providence had a fit instrument for such a gracious design.

"This prostrate Angel is raised by the Almighty, and permitted to attend upon Brutus in his voyage to Britain, in order to assist him in the reduction of that island.

" The Guardian Angel, in pursuance of this commission, flies from Heaven to the high mountain of Calpe; and from thence causes an east wind to blow, which carries the fleet out of the Straits westward to the Canary islands, where he lands.

" Here was to have been a description of Teneriff, and of the volcanos, as likewise of a most delicious island, which is described to be without inhabitants. A great part of his followers are disposed to settle here. What more, say they, can we wish for ourselves, than such a pleasing end of all our labours? In an inhabited country we must, perhaps, be forced to fight and destroy the natives; here, without encroaching upon others, without the guilt of a conquest, we may have a land that will supply us with all the necessaries of life. Why then should we go farther? Let us thank the gods, and rest here in peace. This affords room for a beautiful description of the land of Laziness.

" Brutus, however, rejects this narrow and

selfish proposition, as incompatible with his generous plan of extending benevolence, by instructing and polishing uncultivated minds. He despises the mean thought of providing for the happiness of themselves alone, and sets the great promises of Heaven before them.

" His persuasions, being seconded by good omens, prevail: nevertheless, they leave behind them the old men and the women, together with such as are timid and unfit for service, to enjoy their ease there, and erect a city. Over this colony, consisting however of about three thousand persons, he proposes to make Pisander king, under such limitations as appear to him wisest and best.

" To this proposal they all assent with great satisfaction; only Pisander absolutely refuses to be king, and begs, notwithstanding his age, that he may attend Brutus in his enterprise. He urges that his experience and counsels may be of use, though his strength is gone; and that he shall die unhappy, if he does not die in the arms of his friend.

" Brutus accepts his company, with great expressions of gratitude; and having left his colony a form of pure worship, and a short and simple body of laws, orders them to choose a government for themselves, and then sets sail with none but resolute and noble associates.

" Here the Poet, by way of episode, meant to have introduced the passion of some friend, or the

fondness of some female, who refused to stay behind, and determined to brave all hardships and perils, rather than quit the object of their affections.

" Providence is now supposed to send his spirit to raise the wind, and direct it to the northward. The vessel at length touches at Lisbon or Ulyssipont, where he meets with the son of a Trojan, captive of Ulysses. This gives occasion for an episode; and, among other things, furnishes an account of Ulysses settling there, and building of Lisbon; with a detail of the wicked principles of policy and superstition he had established, and of his being at length driven away by the discontented people he had enslaved.

" Brutus is afterwards driven by a storm, raised by an evil spirit, as far as Norway. He prays to the Supreme God. His Guardian Angel calms the seas, and conducts the fleet safe into a port; but the evil spirit excites the barbarian people to attack them at their landing.

" Brutus, however, repulses them, lands, and encamps on the sea-shore. In the night an *aurora borealis* astonishes his men, such a phenomenon having never been seen by them before.

" He endeavours to keep up their spirits, by telling them that what they look upon as a prodigy, may be a phenomenon of nature usual in those countries, though unknown to them and him; but that if it be any thing supernatural, they ought

to interpret it in their own favour, because heaven never works miracles but for the good.

" About midnight they are attacked again by the barbarians, and the light of the *aurora* is of great use to them for their defence.

" Brutus kills their chief leader, and Orontes the three next in command. This discourages them, and they fly up into the country. He makes prisoners of some of the natives, who had been used to those seas, and inquires of them concerning a great island to the south-west of their country; they tell him they had been in such an island upon piratical voyages, and had carried some of the natives into captivity. He obtains some of these captives, whom he finds to be Britons; they describe their country to him, and undertake to pilot him.

" In the next book, Brutus touches at the Orcades, and a picture is given of the manners of the savages. The North Britons he brought with him from Norway relate strange stories concerning one of the greatest of their islands, supposed to be inhabited by demons, who forbid all access to it, by thunders, earthquakes, &c. Eudemon relates a tradition in Greece, that in one of the northern islands of the ocean, some of the Titans were confined after their overthrow by Jupiter. Brutus, to confound their superstition, resolves to land in that island.

" Brutus sails thither in a small vessel of six oars,

attended only by Orontes, who insists on sharing with him in this adventure. When the boat approaches the shore, a violent hurricane rises, which dashes it against the rocks, and beats it to pieces. All the men are drowned but Brutus and Orontes, who swim to land. They find a thick forest, dark and impenetrable, out of which proceeds a dreadful noise.

" All at once the sun was darkened; a thick night comes over them; thundering noises and bellowings are heard in the air, and under ground. A terrible eruption of fire breaks out from the top of a mountain, the earth shakes beneath their feet. Orontes flies back into the wood, but Brutus remains undaunted, though in great danger of being swallowed up, or burnt by the fire. In this extremity he calls upon God; the eruption ceases, and his Guardian Angel appears to Brutus, telling him God had permitted the evil spirit to work seeming miracles by natural means, in order to try his virtue, and to humble the pride of Orontes, who was too confident in his courage, and too little regardful of Providence. That the hill before them was a volcano; that the effects of it, dreadful, though natural, had made the ignorant savages believe the island to be an habitation of fiends. That the hurricane, which had wrecked his boat, was a usual symptom preceding an eruption. That he might have perished in the eruption, if God had not sent him his good angel to be his preserver.

" He then directs him to seek the south-west

parts of Great Britain, because the northern parts were infested by men not yet disposed to receive religion, arts, and good government, the subduing and civilizing of whom was reserved by Providence for a son, that should be born of him after his conquest of England.

"Brutus promises to obey; the angel vanishes. Brutus finds Orontes in a cave of the wood; he is so ashamed of his fear, that he attempts to kill himself. Brutus comforts him, ascribes it to a supernatural terror, and tells him what he had heard from the angel. They go down to the coast, where they find Hanno, with a ship to carry them off.

"The ensuing book describes the joy of Brutus, at sight of the white rocks of Albion. He lands at Torbay, and, in the western part of the island, meets with a kind reception.

"The climate is described to be equally free from the effeminacy and softness of the southern climes, and the ferocity and savageness of the northern. The natural genius of the natives being thus in the medium between these extremes, was well adapted to receive the improvements in virtue, he meditated to introduce. They are represented worshippers of the son and fire, but of good and gentle dispositions, having no bloody sacrifices among them. Here he meets the Druids, at an altar of turf, in an open place, offering fruits and flowers to heaven.

"Then follows a picture of the haven, which is

succeeded by an account of the northern parts, supposed to be infested by tyrants, of whom the Britons tell strange stories, representing them as giants, whom he undertakes to assist them in conquering.

" Among these islands our poet takes notice of the island Mona, groaning under the lash of superstition, being governed by priests.

" Likewise of another, distracted by *dismal anarchy*, the neighbours eating their captives, and carrying away virgins; which affords room for a beautiful episode, describing the feelings of a passionate lover, who prevailed on Brutus to fly to the rescue of a favourite fair one, whom, by his aid, he recovered from the arms of her brutal ravisher.

" Our poet also speaks of a third, under the dominion of tyranny, which was stronger than the rest, and defended by giants living in castles, high rocks, &c. Some of these giants our poet names, as *Corinæus*, *Gogmagog*, &c. Here he proposed to moralize the old fables concerning Brutus, Gogmagog, &c.

" Brutus, however, is opposed in his attempt by the priests, conjurers, and magicians; and the priests are supposed to have had secrets, which passed for supernatural, such as the use of gunpowder, &c. He meets with many difficulties likewise from his own people, which interrupt his designs; particularly from one of his kinsmen, who is young, fierce, and ambitious. He is earnest

for conquering all by force, and treating the people who submitted to him as slaves.

"But Brutus gives it as his opinion, not to conquer and destroy the natives of the new-discovered land, but to polish and refine them, by introducing true religion, void of superstition and all false notions of the Deity, which only leads to vice and misery, among people who are uncorrupted in their manners, and only want the introduction of useful arts, under the sanction of a good government, to establish and ensure their felicity.

"This turbulent kinsman likewise endangers a revolt, by taking away a woman betrothed to a Briton.

"Some of Brutus's followers take part with him, and raise a faction, which, by his wisdom and firmness, he suppresses, and brings the discontented back to their duty; who at length unite with him against the giants, their common enemy. It must not be omitted, that the kinsman is represented as repenting of his secession, and much ashamed that Brutus, having left him a victim to female blandishments, went to the war without him.

"Brutus, in the end, succeeded in his enterprise against the giants, and enchantment vanished before him; having reduced the fortresses of superstition, anarchy, and tyranny, the whole island submits to good government, and with this the Poem was intended to close.

"Such was the outline of this poem, which, if

he had finished, it would not, perhaps, have added much to his reputation.

"He had likewise planned two Odes, or Moral Poems, on the Mischiefs of Arbitrary Power, and the Folly of Ambition. The first was to open with a view and description of Mount Ætna or Vesuvius, after a long intermission from eruptions; in which was given a picture of all rural felicity, in the most enchanting scenes of vineyards and olive-yards in one place; the products of Ceres in another; and flowery pastures, overspread with flocks and herds in a third; while the shepherds were indulging themselves in their rural dances, songs, and music; and the husbandmen in feats of activity. In the heat of these amusements is heard the rumbling in the bowels of the mountain, the day is overcast, and after other dreadful symptoms of approaching desolation, a torrent of liquid fire breaks out from the mouth, and running down the declivity, carries away every thing in its passage; and, as Milton says—

"All the flourishing works of Peace destroys."

"That on the Folly of Ambition and a Name, was to open with the view of a large champaign desart country; in the midst of which was a large heap of shapeless and deformed ruins, under the shadow of which was seen a shepherd's shed, who at his door was tending a few sheep and goats. The ruins attract the eye of a traveller passing by,

who, curious to be informed of what he saw, addresses himself to the shepherd, to know to what superb structures these ruins belonged. The shepherd entertains him with an absurd and fabulous account of ancient times, in which there were such traces of true history, that the traveller at length discovers, by the aid of the fabulous narrator, joined to certain marks in the ruins themselves, that this was the famous Blenheim, built, at the public expense, by a warlike nation, for the Deliverer of Europe, &c.

" It may be worth observing farther, that Mr. Pope once had a purpose to pen a discourse on the rise and progress of English poetry, as it came from the Provençal poets, and had classed the English poets, according to their several schools and successions, as appears from the list underneath.

ÆRA I.

RYMER. 2nd part, pp. 65, 66, 67, 77.
Petrarch. 78. Catal. of Provençal Poets.

1. School of Provence.	Chaucer's Visions, Romaunt of the Rose. Pierce Plowman. Tales from Boccace. Gower.
2. School of Chaucer.	Lydgate. T. Occleve. Walt. de Mapes. Skelton.
3. School of Petrarch.	E. of Surrey. Sir Thomas Wyat. Sir Philip Sydney. G. Gascoyn, Translator of Ariosto's Com.
4. School of Dante.	Mirror of Magistrates. Lord Buckhurst's Induction, Gorboduc. Original of good Tragedy, Seneca, [his model].

ÆRA II.

Spenser, Col. Clout, from the school of Ariosto and Petrarch, translated from Tasso.

5. School of Spenser, and from Italian Sonnets
- W. Brown's Pastorals.
- Ph. Fletcher's purple Island, Alabaster, Piscatory Ec.
- S. Daniel.
- Sir Walter Raleigh.
- Milton's Juvenilia, Heath, Habington,

Translators from Italian.
- Golding.
- Edm. Fairfax.
- Harrington.

6. School of Donne.
- Cowley, Davenant.
- Michael Drayton.
- Sir Thomas Overbury.
- Randolph.
- Sir John Davis.
- Sir John Beaumont.
- Cartwright.
- Cleveland.
- Crashaw.
- Bishop Corbet.
- Lord Falkland.

- Carew, T. Carey, G. Sandys, in his Par. of Job, Fairfax, — in matter, in versification, — models to Waller.
- Sir John Mennis, Tho. Baynal, — originals of Hudibras."

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

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In the name of God, Amen. I Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, in the county of Middlesex, make this my last will and testament. I resign my soul to its Creator, in all humble hope of its future happiness, as in the disposal of a Being infinitely good. As to my body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear parents, at Twickenham, with the addition, after the words *filius fecit*—of these only, *et sibi: Qui obiit anno* 17—, *ætatis* ——; and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth, as mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient distance, let the same be done in any other parish, and the inscription be added on the monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular friends, Allen, Lord Bathurst, Hugh, Earl of Marchmont, the Honourable William Murray, his majesty's Solicitor General, and George Arbuthnot of the court of Exchequer, Esq. the survivors or survivor of them, executors of this my last will and testament.

But all the manuscript and unprinted papers which I shall leave at my decease, I desire may

be delivered to my noble friend Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, to whose sole care and judgment I commit them, either to be preserved or to be destroyed; or, in case he shall not survive me, to the abovesaid Earl of Marchmont. These who in the course of my life have done me all other good offices, will not refuse me this last after my death: I leave them therefore this trouble, as a mark of my trust and friendship; only desiring them each to accept of some small memorial of me: That my Lord Bolingbroke will add to his library all the volumes of my Works and Translations of Homer, bound in red morocco, and the eleven volumes of those of Erasmus: That my Lord Marchmont will take the large paper edition of Thuanus, by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardson, which he shall prefer: That my Lord Bathurst will find a place for the three statues of the Hercules of Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, and the Apollo in chiaro oscuro, done by Kneller: That Mr. Murray will accept of the marble head of Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Isaac Newton, by Guelfi: and that Mr. Arbuthnot will take the watch I commonly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborough, and he to me on his death bed; together with one of the pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item, I desire Mr. Lyttelton to accept of the busts of Spenser, Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden, in marble, which his royal master the Prince

was pleased to give me. I give and devise my library of printed books to Ralph Allen, of Widcombe, Esq., and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or to the survivor of them (when those belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen threescore out of the number). I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton the property of all such of my works already printed, as he hath written, or shall write commentaries or notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of, or alienated; and all the profits which shall arise after my death from such editions as he shall publish without future alterations.

Item, In case Ralph Allen, Esq. abovesaid, shall survive me, I order my executors to pay him the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, being, to the best of my calculation, the account of what I have received from him; partly for my own, and partly for charitable uses. If he refuses to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way, I am persuaded he will not dislike, to the benefit of the Bath hospital.

I give and devise to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Magdalen Racket, the sum of three hundred pounds; and to her sons, Henry and Robert Racket, one hundred pounds each. I also release and give to her all my right and interest in and upon a bond of five hundred pounds due to me from her son Michael. I also give her the family pictures of my father, mother, and aunts, and the

diamond ring my mother wore, and her golden watch. I give to Erasmus Lewis, Gilbert West, Sir Clement Cotterell, William Rolinson, Nathaniel Hook, Esqrs., and to Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, to each the sum of five pounds, to be laid out in a ring, or any memorial of me; and to my servant John Searle, who has faithfully and ably served me many years, I give and devise the sum of one hundred pounds over and above a year's wages to himself and his wife; and to the poor of the parish of Twickenham, twenty pounds, to be divided among them by the said John Searle; and it is my will, if the said John Searle die before me, that the said sum of one hundred pounds go to his wife or children.

Item, I give and devise to Mrs. Martha Blount, younger daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, the sum of one thousand pounds immediately on my decease: and all the furniture of my grotto, urns in my garden, household goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is not otherwise disposed of in this my will, I give and devise to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, out of a sincere regard and long friendship for her. And it is my will, that my abovesaid executors, the survivors or survivor of them, shall take an account of all my estate, money, or bonds, etc. and, after paying my debts and legacies, shall place out all the residue upon government or other securities, according to their best judgment: and pay the produce thereof, half-yearly, to the said

Mrs. Martha Blount during her natural life: and, after her decease, I give the sum of one thousand pounds to Mrs. Magdalen Racket, and her sons Robert, Henry, and John, to be divided equally among them, or to the survivors or survivor of them; and after the decease of the said Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the sum of two hundred pounds to the abovesaid Gilbert West: two hundred to Mr. George Arbuthnot; two hundred to his sister, Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot; and one hundred to my servant, John Searle, to which soever of these shall be then living: And all the residue and remainder to be considered as undisposed of, and go to my next of kin.

This is my last will and testament, written with my own hand, and sealed with my seal, this twelfth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-three.

ALEX. POPE.

Signed, sealed, and declared,
by the testator, as his last
will and testament, in pre-
sence of us,

RADNOR.

STEPHEN HALES, Minister of Teddington.

JOSEPH SPENCE, Professor of History in the University of Oxford.

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PREFACE.[1]

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest; so, on the other, the world has no title to demand that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment: therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame or pleasure as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point; and can it then be wondered at if the poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error?

[1] To the miscellaneous Works of Pope, 1717.

For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill placed; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage than a bad critic; for a writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets. What we call a genius is hard to be distinguished by a man himself from a strong inclination; and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now, if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself), he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in per-

sisting to write; and this, too, may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere, and the rest of the world in general is too well bred to shock them with a truth which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents, and till such talents as they have are so far discredited, as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature, given up to the ambition of fame; when, perhaps, the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances; for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth than if he were a prince or a beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense), his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb: if he has, he will con-

sequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these, to a man, will hate or suspect him: a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit; and a hundred innocent women as a satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are, indeed, some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he

would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it, any way, one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when, methinks, I should find more credit than I could heretofore, since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these trifles by prefaces, biassed by recommendation, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ, because it amused me; I corrected, because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published, because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last; but I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so; for they have always fallen short, not only

of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality; though, if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune; they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope is but to be read in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the ancients: and it will be found true that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they

who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers: and indeed it is very unreasonable that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: but the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live: one may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together: and what critic can be so unreasonable as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public is, that I have as great a respect for it as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and vice versâ a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make

a good writer as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this, if any thing, that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice, in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And, perhaps, nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things as, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any miscellanies or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead. If time shall make it the former, may these poems, as long as they last, remain as a testimony that their author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense; a

quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, that there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty; so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion: that I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended: that I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or, when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To

conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *memento mori* to some of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

VARIATIONS IN THE AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT PREFACE.

After p. 4, l. 28, it followed thus,—For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency: but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and nature, that I

was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet).* 'Tis a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are *amicæ omnium horarum;* and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct: besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 7, l. 7.—In the first place I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies: And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old, and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.

PASTORALS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius! VIRG.

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of poem; and it is my design to comprise in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations that critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour: you will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient

sort of poetry was probably pastoral.[2] It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of pastoral.

A pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both;[3] the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity,[4] brevity, and delicacy; the two first

[2] Fontenelle's Discourse of Pastorals.
[3] Heinsius in Theocr.
[4] Rapin de Carm. Past. p. 2.

of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age: so that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life: and an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity; and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing: the connexion should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short,[5] and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief; the whole eclogue should be so too: for we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But, with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered.[6] This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shown by inference; lest, by too much

[5] Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art Poet. d'Arist. p. ii. refl. xxvii.
[6] Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg.

study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries.[7] Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety.[8] This variety is obtained, in a great degree, by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And since the instructions given for

[7] Fontenelle's Discourse of Pastorals.

[8] See the forementioned Preface.

any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of pastoral) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers[9] and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and, in all points where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the

[9] Θερισται, Idyl. x. and Αλιεις, Idyl. xxi.

Greek was a stranger to.[1] He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which, perhaps, was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso, in his Aminta, has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his Gierusalemme he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil.[2] Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points: his eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients: he is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as Mantuan had done before him: he has employed the lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets: his stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be

[1] Rapin, Refl. on Arist. part ii. refl. xxvii.—Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.

[2] Dedication to Virg. Ecl.

the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough; for the tetrastic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together: or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass

that some of his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: that, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But, after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors; whose works, as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

PASTORALS.

I.

SPRING; OR, DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.[1]

First in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for power,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves;
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

[1] For an account of this respectable character, see the Memoir prefixed to these volumes.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied:

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds on every blooming spray
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing, then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing;
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring;
Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground:
Begin, the vales shall every note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:
If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flowers;
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day:
E'en spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears
A wondrous tree, that sacred monarchs bears?[2]
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields:[3]
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest swains, whose nymphs in every grace excel;
Blest nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!

[2] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle at Worcester.

[3] Alludes to the device of the Scottish monarchs, the thistle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. iii.

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bowers;
A soft retreat from sudden vernal showers;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful showers descend.

II.

SUMMER; OR, ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD's boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sunbeams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quivering shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naïads wept in every watry bower,
And Jove consented in a silent shower.

Accept, O Garth! the muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
Where stray ye, Muses! in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the watry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer:
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said, "Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name."
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming power
The captive bird that sings within thy bower!

Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring;
Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flowers design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.
See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bowers;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
O deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;

Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
O! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,
And winds shall waft it to the powers above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wondering forests soon should dance again;
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang listening in their fall!
But see, the shepherds shun the noonday heat,
The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove:
Ye gods! and is there no relief for love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends.
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

III.

AUTUMN; OR, HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.

Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring,
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.
Thou, whom the nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
O, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees, that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay:

Fade every blossom, wither every tree,
Die every flower, and perish all but she.
What have I said? Where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise!
Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor-groves admir'd:
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris dying I complain:
Here where the mountains, lessening as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:

While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smokes from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her amorous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove:
Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey"—
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep!
Pan came, and ask'd, "What magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?"
What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains;
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!

I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods; adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When fallen dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.

IV.

WINTER; OR, DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.[1]

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS! the music of that murmuring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,

[1] A lady of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and a friend of Pope's early patron, Walsh.

While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
O sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the listening Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin: this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring:
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis died!
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
"Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done; and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!

Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flowery glories lie,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood;
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore;
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from evening skies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store:
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mountain larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, listening in mid air, suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays;
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more!
But see! where Daphne wondering mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in amaranthine bowers,
Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flowers their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE. IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect that the eclogue was taken from a sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

MESSIAH.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son![1]

IMITATIONS.

[1] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

'Now the virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever relics of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father.'

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14. 'Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son.' Chap. ix. ver. 6. 7. 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment and with justice, for ever and ever.'

From Jesse's[2] root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens![3] from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick[4] and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice[5] lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
O spring to light, auspicious babe! be born.
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,[6]

IMITATIONS.

[2] Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 1.
[3] Ch. xlv. ver. 8.
[4] Ch. xxv. ver. 4.
[5] Ch. ix. ver. 7.
[6] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

'For thee, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocasia with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.'

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 1. 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' Ch. lx. ver. 13. 'The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary.'

With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon[7] his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;[8]
Prepare the way![9] a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.

IMITATIONS.

[7] Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 2.

[8] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, deus ille Menalca!
Ecl. v. ver. 62.

'O come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God.'

Isaiah, chap. xl. ver. 3, 4. 'The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.' Chap. iv. ver. 23. 'Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.'

[9] Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him,[1] ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In[2] adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd[3] tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father[4] of the future age.

IMITATIONS.

[1] Isaiah, ch. xliii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.

[2] Ch. xxv. ver. 8. [3] Ch. xl. ver. 11.

[4] Ch. ix. ver. 6.

No more shall[5] nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful[6] son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
The swain in barren[7] deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;[8]
And start, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.

IMITATIONS.

[5] Isaiah, ch. ii. ver. 4.

[6] Ch. lxv. ver. 21, 22.

[7] Ch. xxxv. ver. 1. 7.

[8] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

'The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall distil honey like dew.'

Isaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 7. 'The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty lands springs of water: in the habitation where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds, and rushes.'—Chap. lv. ver. 13. 'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree.'

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste[9] sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs[1] with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;[2]
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents[3] lick the pilgrim's feet;

IMITATIONS.

[9] Isaiah, ch. xli. ver. 19. and ch. lv. ver. 13.

[1] Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.

[2] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet.——

'The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.'

Isaiah, chap. xi. ver. 16, &c. 'The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.—And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.'

[3] Ch. lxv. ver. 25.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take.
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem,[4] rise![5]
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race[6] thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations[7] at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan[8] springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.

IMITATIONS.

[4] Isaiah, ch. lx. ver. 1.

[5] The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his Pollio.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!
—toto surget gens aurea mundo!
—incipient magni procedere menses!
Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah here cited.

[6] Ch. lx. ver. 4.

[7] Ch. lx. ver. 3.

[8] Ch. lx. ver. 6.

See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun[9] shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas[1] shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;—
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

[9] Isaiah, ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.

[1] Ch. li. ver. 6. and ch. liv. ver. 10.

WINDSOR FOREST.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano: te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
Te Nemus omne canet: nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen. VIRG.

WINDSOR FOREST.

THY forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands: your aid, O Muses, bring!
What muse for Granville can refuse to sing?
The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.

There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend:
There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his towering height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints the enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves)

What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And e'en the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain,
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes;
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar:
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom e'en the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man, who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave!

Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey!
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart!
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise:
Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forest wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vigorous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till hovering o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)
With slaughtering guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves,
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.

Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin train;
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen;
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor's shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last).
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and, burning with desire,
Pursued her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the gods she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chase:
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid. [vain;
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in
"Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy train,

Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies;
The watery landscape of the pendent woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods:
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green;
Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all his streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,

As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His sovereign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to the shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires:
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields:
With chemic art exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on Heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!

Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd:—
Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd.
Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye muses sport on Cooper's hill.
(On Cooper's hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)
I seem through consecrated walks to rove;
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
Oh early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!
His drooping swans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd, or is it Granville sings?
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;

To paint anew the flowery sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star!

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall;
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:

Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest!
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone);
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed,
Heavens! what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She saw her sons with purple death expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said, "Let discord cease!"
She said! the world obey'd, and all was peace!
In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head;
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood:
First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame;
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Lodden slow, with verdant alders crown'd;

Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.
High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind),
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.
"Hail, sacred peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Though Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From Heaven itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train,
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;

The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase;
The trumpet sleep while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th' ascending villas on my side
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide;
Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.
" Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave
their woods,
And half thy forests rush into my floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind.

Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side;
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
O stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barbarous Discord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance, bath'd in gore, retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hated Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain."

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light.

My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dovelike wing.
E'en I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the listening swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.[1]

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1712.

[1] For an account of the origin of this poem, see the Memoir of Pope, prefixed to these volumes.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good-nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct: this I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or demons, are made to act in a poem: for the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies; let an action be never so trivial in

itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called "Le Comte de Gabalis," which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders. The gnomes, or demons of earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable; for, they say, any mortal may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts,—an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end (except the loss

of your hair, which I always mention with reverence). The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem, Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. Pope.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. MART.

CANTO I.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl,[1] muse! is due:
This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day.

[1] Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II.; and author of *Sir Solomon Single*, a comedy, and of several translations in Dryden's *Miscellanies*. He first suggested the subject of this poem to the author.

Now lapdogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda[1] still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head;
A youth more glittering than a birthnight beau,
(That e'en in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
" Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight-shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel powers, [flowers;
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What though no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.

[1] Mrs. Arabella Fermor.

Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

"Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark;

When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.
"Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the gnomes' embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain, [train,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'Your Grace' salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
"Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way;
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.

This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
" Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!" [long,
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous baron [1] the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heaven, and every power ador'd,

[1] Lord Petre.

But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppress,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,

While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:
"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky:
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers

A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

"This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapp'd in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether heaven has doom'd that Shock must fall.

Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

"To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,

Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;

For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
"Let spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of loo,

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The baron now his diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.

And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate:
An ace of hearts steps forth: the king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate:
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!

Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"
The victor cried, "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis[1] shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze;
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
What Time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?"

[1] A book full of court and party scandal, written by Mrs. Manley.

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph opprest,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the power—"Hail, wayward queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is that all your power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the headdress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lapdog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen."
The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.

A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris'[1] arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid," replied)
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!

[1] Mrs. Morly.

How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!"
She said; then raging to Sir Plume[1] repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
Sir Plume, of amber snuffbox justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuffbox open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My lord, why, what the devil!
Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
Give her the hair."—He spoke, and rapp'd his box.
"It grieves me much (replied the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain:
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."

[1] Sir George Brown.

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she rais'd, and thus she said:
"For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away;
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
O had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home;
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patchbox fell;
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:

These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
O hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
"Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?

How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the smallpox, or chas'd old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good humour still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear, good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.

No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song:
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"[1]—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But at her smile the beau reviv'd again.

[1] The words of a song in the Opera of Camilla.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate," incens'd Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

"Boast not my fall (he cried), insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low;
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!

Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."
"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuffboxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and deathbed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick men's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevell'd light.

The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.
This the beau monde shall from the mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
This Partridge[1] soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

[1] A ridiculous star-gazer, and maker of almanacks.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted), which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!

Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, O write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare;
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;

They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; Heaven listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made?
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?

The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
O, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?

As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes!
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And Paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here brib'd the rage of ill requited heaven:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the maker's praise.

In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound),
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noonday night;
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!)
But why should I on others' prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines, that o'er yon rocks reclin'd,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding isles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death can break the lasting chain;
And here, e'en then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heaven! but whence arose that prayer?
Sprung it from piety or from despair?
E'en here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to heaven, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget!

But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but wrapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
O come! O teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you:
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heaven.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymeneals sing;
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!

Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's
woe,
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy
creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heaven.
Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.

Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
E'en thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames; like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue;
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heaven; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view),
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O grace serene! O virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
  See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound:
"Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away;
Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep;
E'en superstition loses every fear:
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."
  I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.

Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day:
See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah, no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once lov'd Eloisa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And e'en my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death, all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy),
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,

O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"O may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir, when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.[1]

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in Heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

[1] See the Memoir of Pope prefixed to these volumes.

From these, perhaps (ere nature bade her die),
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say
(While the long funerals blacken all the way),
Lo! these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone (oh, ever injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year;
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
E'en he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

FROM THE FIFTEENTH OF OVID'S EPISTLES.

Say, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,
The lute neglected and the lyric muse;
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne!
Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds;
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please;
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
O youth, ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise
Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?

The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than e'en those gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
To me what nature has in charms denied,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supplied.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you centred all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vast a memory has love?

My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,
Till, all dissolving, in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures died away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye gods, a Lesbian dame?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wandering heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
My parents' ashes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas! what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last, and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;

No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move;
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
So from my birth the sisters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies;
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take, at least, the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At least to feign was never hard to you)

"Farewell, my Lesbian love," you might have said;
Or coldly thus, "Farewell, O Lesbian maid!"
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, "Be mindful of our loves, and live."
Now by the Nine, those powers ador'd by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopt my freezing blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears;
His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
"And why this grief? thy daughter lives," he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim,
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!

'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
O night more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
A thousand melting kisses give and take:
Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove;
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone:
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in amorous folds we lay;
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.

For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return:
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below:
A flowery lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery virgin stood:
She stood and cried, "O you that love in vain!
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main;
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd:
But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!

I go, ye nymphs! where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be plac'd below:
"Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre;
What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;
The gift, the giver, and the god agree."
But why, alas! relentless youth, ah why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.
Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
Oh! far more faithless and more hard than they?
Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast
Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press'd?
This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.
Alas! the Muses now no more inspire;
Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre.
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,

Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling
string:
My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign;
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires?
Gods! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air!
Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails!
If you return—ah why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpitied I'll remove,
And either cease to live or cease to love!

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

She said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs;
When the fair consort of her son replies:
"Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Œchalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride
(Myself the offspring of a second bride).
This nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and, bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

"A lake there was with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the naiads flowery garlands brought:
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far a watery lotos grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:

Of these she cropp'd, to please her infant son,
And I myself the same rash act had done:
But, lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form, and, fixing here, became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.
"This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight;
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan powers ador'd:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And as she struggles only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried.
I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate;

Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
" Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire:
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind.
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear;
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains.
' If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all th' unpitying powers of heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care;
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed:
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree, and say with weeping eyes,
' Within this plant my hapless parent lies:'

And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh! let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrin'd in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.'

"She ceas'd at once to speak and ceas'd to be,
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd."

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flowery field,
The streams and fountains no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burdens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent forms the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,
To lawless sylvans all access denied.
How oft the satyrs and the wanton fawns,
Who haunt the forests or frequent the lawns,

The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair?
Like these Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears;
And first a reaper from the field appears:
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain:
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sunburnt temples shade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers:
Sometimes his pruninghook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines:
Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs:
A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears:
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of reverend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs:
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The god in this decrepit form array'd
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
And, "Happy you!" he thus address'd the maid,

" Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow)
Then plac'd beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
" Yet this tall elm, but for this vine," he said,
" Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her married elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah! beauteous maid! let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue!
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?
Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
E'en now, when silent scorn is all thy gain,
A thousand court you, though they court in vain,
A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest:

For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himself himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone shall share
His last affection as his early care.
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
Add, that he varies every shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.
To him your orchard's early fruits are due;
(A pleasing offering when 'tis made by you)
He values these; but yet, alas! complains
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
You, only you, can move the god's desire:
O crown so constant and so pure a fire!
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted
boughs!"

This, when the various god had urg'd in vain,
He straight assum'd his native form again :
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when through clouds th' emerging sun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check the rash design ;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features and a youthful face,
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

THE

FIRST BOOK OF STATIUS'S THEBAIS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1703.

ARGUMENT.

Œdipus King of Thebes having, by mistake, slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned his realm to his sons Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices, in the mean time, departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tideus, who had fled from Calidon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity. He relates to his guests the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorœbus: he inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality. The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

STATIUS'S THEBAIS.

FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O goddess! say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil;
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found?
The sire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song

At Œdipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conquering eagles sing;
How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barbarous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;
Or, long before, with early valour strove
In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name!
O! bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
What though the stars contract their heavenly space,
And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Though Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne, and share his heaven with thee?
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heaven with Roman deities.
The time will come when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame;

Meanwhile permit that my preluding Muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may choose:
Of furious hate surviving death she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And funeral flames that, parting wide in air,
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wandering ghosts
Of kings unburied in the wasted coasts;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep
In heaps his slaughter'd sons into the deep.
What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Œdipus, depriv'd of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day,
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul:
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,

Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook, [broke :—
While from his breast these dreadful accents
" Ye gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I though blind behold;
Tisiphone! that oft has heard my prayer,
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care.
If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come;
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day
When by the son the trembling father died,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide;
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign;
If wretched I, by baleful furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then, self-condemn'd, to shades of endless night,
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;
Oh, hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire.
My sons their old unhappy sire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
Whilst these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn:

These sons, ye gods! who with flagitious pride
Insult my darkness and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou fury! then some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail;
Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
Go! and a parent's heavy curses bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Couldst thou some great proportion'd mischief frame, [came."
They'd prove the father from whose loins they
The fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes, untied, sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
The gliding lightning or descending star.
Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night;
Swift as she pass'd the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tenarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.

The day beheld, and, sickening at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas on the distant shore
Trembled, and shook the heavens and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager speed the well known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head;
In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,
When labouring with strong charms she shoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.
From every blast of her contagious breath
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues and death.
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by fates and furies worn alone.
She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand:
A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
But when the fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,

And through th' Achaian cities send the sound.
Œte, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;
Again Leucothea shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possest,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their furies wake within their breast:
Their tortur'd minds repining envy tears,
And hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;
And sacred thirst of sway, and all the ties
Of nature broke, and royal perjuries;
And impotent desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne:
Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,
While discord waits upon divided power.
As stubborn steers, by brawny ploughmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay:
Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:

Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glittering armour wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate;
No charges then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mould;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like these not all those realms suffice;
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown;
What joys, O tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded power thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envied throne!

But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite,
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd—" O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauspicious reign?
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?
These now control a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state:
E'en fortune rules no more—O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom'd decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate
From the first birth of our unhappy state,
When banish'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,

First rais'd our walls on that ill omen'd plain
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks th' unrivall'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet who before more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne,
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
Oh wretched we! a vile submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign!
"As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that the wavering sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there the reeling vessel throw;
Thus on each side, alas! our tottering state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate,
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands."
And now th' almighty father of the gods
Convenes a council in the bless'd abodes.
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,
Whence, far below, the gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea.

Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
The majesty of heaven superior shone:
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.
At Jove's assent the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior powers
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers;
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow,
And those that give the wandering winds to blow:
Here all their rage and e'en their murmurs cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes:
Heaven seems improv'd with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke;
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is fate.

"How long shall man the wrath of Heaven defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky?
O race confederate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
This wearied arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires,
Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad ruler to misguide the day,

When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
And Heaven itself the wandering chariot burn'd:
For this my brother of the watery reign
Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main;
But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, allied to Jove, offend;
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long series of succeeding woe?
How oft the furies from the deeps of night
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight;
Th' exulting mother stain'd with filial blood,
The savage hunter and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
The sun would sink into the western main,
And, rising, gild the radiant east again.
Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
The murdering son ascend his parent's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, O Œdipus! just Heaven alarms,
And sets th' avenging thunderer in arms.

I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.
Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed:
Fix'd is their doom. This all-remembering breast
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast."
He said; and thus the queen of Heaven returned:
(With sudden grief her labouring bosom burn'd)
"Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' towers defend,
Must I, O Jove! in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Though there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus slept and bled;
Though there the brazen tower was storm'd of old,
When Jove descended in almighty gold!
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms,
Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves may prove—
Ah! why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen control,
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,

Go, raise my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her!
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the fathers' crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance? to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wandering stream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Œnomaüs, defil'd with blood;
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove?
And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
Reverse, O Jove! thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;

On impious realms and barbarous kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as
those."
Thus in reproach and prayer the queen exprest
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
"'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire though just revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care:
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
Their work, and reverence our superior will:
For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd, th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air;
Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whose ghost yet shivering on Cocytus' sand
Expects its passage to the further strand:
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:

Be this the cause of more than mortal hate;
The rest succeeding times shall ripen into fate."
The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies;
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,
Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts.
Thus through the parting clouds the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and towers th' ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the steep of heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.
Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wandering thoughts delight,
His daily vision, and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne;
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day:
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run:
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend;
And fam'd Mycene's lofty towers ascend;
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappear'd in horror of the feast)
And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground;
Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main;
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs;
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the different shores;
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light;
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew:
All birds and beasts lie hush'd: sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light [night:
Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.

At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground;
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold north congeals to haily showers:
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.
Now smokes with showers the misty mountain-ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round:
Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on;
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away:
Old limbs of trees, from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne:
The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the watery war,
That, driven by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.

Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet
with fears.
So fares the sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus strove the chief, on every side distress'd;
Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd:
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Thro' thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey;
Till he beheld where from Larissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Lerna's poisonous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise:
He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes
Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days;
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heaven had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.

To him Apollo (wonderous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had sung—"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
A yellow lion and a bristly boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sat heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;
This, great Amphiaraus! lay hid from thee,
Though skill'd in fate and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting god ordain.

Lo, hapless Tydeus! whose ill fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And, seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
Through the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempest driven,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heaven,
Till, led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open courts succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from different lands resort
T' Adrastus' realms and hospitable court,
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprise.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread;
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
Alive the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The king th' accomplish'd oracle surveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead and his future sons:
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots through every vein:
To heaven he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent queen of night:—
"Goddess of shades! beneath whose gloomy reign
Yon spangled arch glows with the starry train;
You who the cares of heaven and earth allay,
Till nature, quicken'd by th' inspiring ray,
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day:
O thou who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of fate,
Be present still, O goddess! in our aid;
Proceed, and 'firm those omens thou hast made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus; I confess the gods!"
Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd,
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice.
The king once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts and wake the fires.

His train obey; while all the courts around
With noisy care and various tumult sound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd;
Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the close apartments of the night
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright,
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face,
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise;
Their downcast looks a decent shame confest,
Then on their father's reverend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,

Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold;
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And, e'en in gold, turns paler as she dies:
There from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars;
Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight,
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze,
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with generous juice was crown'd,
The first libation sprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celestial power they call;
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands drest,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in numerous hymns of praise.
Then thus the king: "Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause: our old solemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the god of day.

" When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bless'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd:
Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flowery side
Of Nemea's stream the yielding fair enjoy'd.
Now ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the god was born;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

" How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah! how unworthy those of race divine!
On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet e'en in those obscure abodes to live
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freshness of the early day,

Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame;
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

"But touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging god prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on her crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

"But generous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus! fam'd for virtue as for arms;
Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descried,
Two bleeding babes depending at her side;
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears;

Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast and gaping womb imbrued
With livid poison and our children's blood.
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale e'en in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And ravenous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

"But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in its triumph led.

"But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year,
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.

"Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save,

But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke:"
' With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear,
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here:
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in heaven can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light.
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
But for my country let my fate atone;
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.'
" Merit distress'd impartial heaven relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,

And from the wondering god th' unwilling youth
retir'd.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please;
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath
appease.
" But say, illustrious guest! (adjoin'd the king)
What name you bear, from what high race you
spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon:
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite."
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:—
" Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(O generous prince!) my nation or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own,
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place."
To whom the king (who felt his generous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies—" Ah! why forbears the son to name
His wretched father, known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.

E'en those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole,
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless syrtes, and the moving sands;
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
What prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface,
With virtuous acts, thy ancestors' disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.
But see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day;
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise."

"O father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast:
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus and the shady shore;
Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures rais'd by labouring gods:
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,

The change of sceptres and impending woe,
When direful meteors spread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
T' excel the music of thy heavenly lyre;
Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldering rock that trembles from on high.
Propitious hear our prayer, O power divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine;
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;
Or Mithra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mithra! whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns."

END OF VOL. I.

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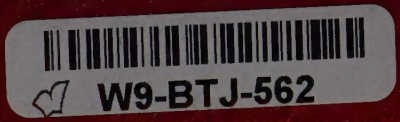
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